

David Lodge exam

London WC2B 3JH

bloodthirsty, and I have proved this during the time of my government. Who in my position would have been so economical in shedding blood? And whose have I shed? Not a drop apart from what may be considered normal routine. To order this or that villain to be shot is common in all parts of the world and passes without notice, for society could not survive otherwise.

Camila O'Gorman, eight months pregnant, was shot on his direct orders for running away with a priest.

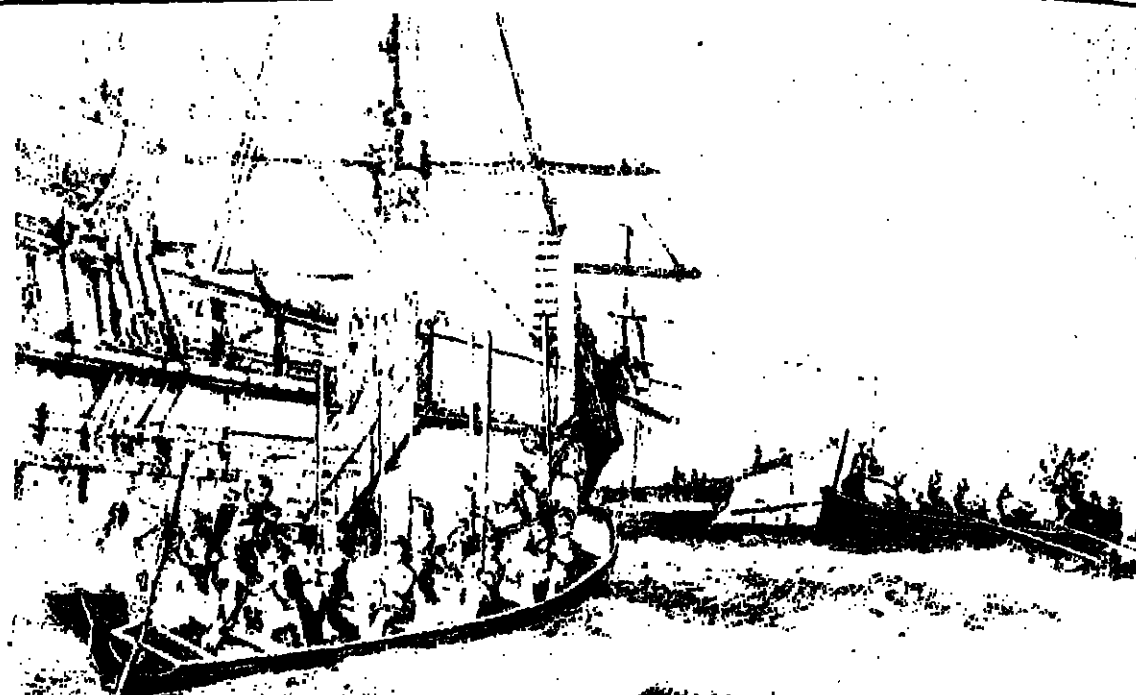
A large measure of self-deception was part of his character, and when he was in power this did not take such harmless forms as his phantom exile friendship with Palmerston. There are two further elements in a possible explanation of the terror to add to John Lynch's account. The first he denies himself the chance to explore fully by opening his main narrative in 1829, when Rosas took power. What occurred between 1800 and 1829 made Rosas seem necessary, gave him his usual justifications, made his methods the more tolerable. The continued *Unitario* threat, whether from the provinces or from Uruguay, the deaths of Quiroga and other allies, kept memories of anarchy fresh. Rosas was the best bet for order, an argument frequently used by Anglo-Saxons, such as Hudson's father:

Quite naturally I followed my father and came to believe that all the bloodshed during a quarter of a century, all the crimes and cruelties practised by Rosas, were not like the crimes committed by a private person, but were all for the good of the country, with the result that in Buenos Ayres and throughout our province there had been a long period of peace and prosperity.

The second, related, element is the "spirit of democracy" mentioned by General Paz. *Argentine Dictator* is not always clear in the expression of Argentine society at this time. Professor Lynch writes that "the polarization of society was absolute... an immense gulf separated the landed proprietor from the landless poor." But on the same page he qualifies this view, and quotes an

observation that many landowners live "in precisely the same manner as the labourer does." General Paz would have agreed that society had been polarized: "it was very easy for the caudillos to raise the ignorant against the educated, the poor against the rich, and this hatred came to be confused with jealousies which were inspired by the preponderance of Buenos Aires." But he would probably have seen some truth in Rosas's repeated assertions that he had to govern in a democratic spirit: "There is no aristocracy here to support a government, public opinion and the masses govern." This was at least half true. There was no effective aristocracy. The Rio de la Plata was not an aristocratic part of the Spanish Empire. Rosas did not emerge from a rigidly stratified society nor did he leave such a society behind him. He himself wrote that as he came to power he saw society "in a state of utter dissolution... the inevitable time had arrived when it was necessary to exercise personal influence on the masses to re-establish order, security and laws." He saw himself as using domineering means in a conservative cause.

Rosas was supplanted by Justo José de Urquiza, caudillo of the rich littoral province of Entre Ríos, who was supported by Brazil. There was no significant movement against him in his own province, but the balance of power in the Plate had altered, and his domestic and his diplomatic were out of date. After such years of discipline there could be no spontaneous movement in his favour. Despite his title of "Restorer of the Laws", his institutional legacy to his country was negligible, as Professor Lynch points out. "To organize the country is to disturb it," was how he put it himself. He gave a large part of it a score of years of relative peace, in which it moderately prospered. With foreign powers he was successfully awkward. There was about him, as Paz conceded, a grand scale, but also, as Paz implied, no real grandeur of character or conviction. After his fall from power he kept up with Argentine news, but his obsessions and hatreds seem to have left him: he was the tenant of Burgess Street Farm, where he introduced the pumpkin to the neighbourhood.



Rosas with his son and daughter and a small retinue boarding the English frigate *Centaur* in February 1852, en route for London.

Mettlesome matriarch

By David Mitchell

LYNNE WITHEY:
A Life of Abigail Adams
369pp. Collier Macmillan. £12.95.
0 02 934760 2

"There is nothing so odious as a lady at sea... it is impossible to preserve a sense of delicacy," said John Adams, a Boston lawyer turned politician, to his wife Abigail in 1779; and when he sailed for Europe he left her behind to look after the farm. Lynne Withey insists that the couple suffered from their long separations as John advanced from the Massachusetts Legislature to the Continental Congress, later becoming

one of the Commissioners to France and ambassador to Great Britain. But one feels that despite or perhaps because of her steely competence and fierce ambition for her husband, absence from Abigail Adams made his heart grow appreciably fonder.

Progressing from a rustic cottage to palatial residences in Paris and London, queening it as the United States' second First Lady and mother of the nation's first great political dynasty (her son John Quincy became President in 1824), Abigail resisted the lures of foreign sophistication and preserved her puritan bourgeois values. Born in 1744, the daughter of a Congregational minister in Weymouth, Massachusetts, she had no formal education - most girls of her background were considered accomplished if they could read the Bible and write an occasional letter - but was exceptional in that her father, a Harvard graduate, encouraged her to read widely and to think for herself.

As the break with the mother country drew near, she suggested that the struggle for independence would be incomplete if it did not include some recognition of the rights of women; and when she arranged for their daughter to study Latin, her husband begged her to keep quiet about it. In a coupling of themes which by the 1840s was central to suffragist polemic she remarked (as, very forcefully, did Dr Johnson) that black slaves and white freedmen rhetoric were ill assorted; and in 1776 told John Adams that "whilst you are proclaiming peace and good will to Men, Emancipating all Nations, you insist upon retaining an absolute power over Wives."

Later she grumbled that "if you complain of education in sons, what shall I say of daughters who every day experience the want of it? If we mean to have heroes, statesmen and philosophers, we should have learned women."

She could claim some credit for the establishment of the first secondary schools in America, but firmly believed in separate spheres for the sexes. A well-read, well-informed wife would, she reasoned, be a pleasing companion to the man of science and of sensibility, enabled to form the minds of her children to virtue and knowledge, and not less capable or willing to superintend the domestic economy of her family for having wandered beyond the limits of the dressing room and the kitchen.

Yet she could be an embarrassing, opinionated, unsubmissive helpmeet. Indignant at differences of opinion about "tyrant" England (why couldn't all Americans be like the militants of Massachusetts, billed as the *Marjory Colony*?), she ignored her husband's caution ("America is like a large fleet sailing under convoy. The swiftest sailer must wait for the dullest and slowest") and called for an end to shilly-shallying.

"Instead of supplications... let us beseech the almighty to blast their counsels and bring to nought their devices."

En route to join John Adams in Paris in 1784 she bullied the crew to clean the ship - "I soon exerted my Authority with scrapers mops and Brushes, infusions of vinegar etc" - and taught the galley cook "how to dress his victuals". In Paris she was shocked by the licentious behaviour of Benjamin Franklin's female guests and characterized France as "a country grown old in Debauchery". London she found more congenial, though deploring the "despotic sway" of fashion, court flummery, the outrageous cost of ambassadorial hospitality, and the distasteful moral tone of Shakespeare's plays (how could a nice woman like Sarah Siddons take part in such productions?). But, sensitive to English turns of mind, she was not so easily won over.

Headbirths, also among the shortest novels Grass has written, is again dedicated to a writer, Nicolas Born, his younger contemporary, dying of cancer as the book begins and dead by the time it ends. It too takes as its central theme the responsibility of the writer to make holes in all the walls men build: walls around their countries, as in China; through the middle of their countries, as in Germany.

In the quarrel between Federalists and Republicans she vehemently favoured strong central government, and after the Jacobin Terror in France became a rabid conservative who would have agreed with Alexander Hamilton that "democracy is our real disease". Of what use were frequent elections, party strife, and the impudence of an uncontrolled press (Republican sheets accused her husband, when President, of plotting to marry his son to a reuniting America and England), except to "corrupt and destroy the morals of the people" and sabotage the efforts of those who know best?

When Thomas Jefferson won the presidential election of 1800 Abigail, now a former First Lady, predicted dire consequences from the government of an "infidel" who would make the United States appear "fluctuating and Revolutionary". But she mellowed sufficiently to announce a not long before her death in 1817: "I am determined to be very well pleased with the world and wish well to all its inhabitants." From her voluminous correspondence Lynne Withey has constructed an informative if rather pedestrian biography of a mettlesome, meddlesome matriarch who, as she put it when describing her reign of hygiene terror on that suitably named ship, the *Active*, usually contrived to "reign Mistress on Board".

POSTAGE: INLAND 154p ABROAD 17p
SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY. PERMIT NO. 2125 SUBSCRIPTIONS: AIR MAIL/POSTAL YEARLY. TIMES NEWS PAPER OF GREAT BRITAIN INC. 21 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10017.

Making holes in the walls

By Gabriel Josipovici

GÜNTER GRASS:
Headbirths, or The Germans are Dying Out
Translated by Ralph Manheim
136pp. Secker and Warburg. £6.95.
0 436 18777 9

Günter Grass goes from strength to strength. Like his almost exact contemporary, Stockhausen, he becomes, with each new work, at once more German and more international, more personal and more universal. His last book, *The Meeting at Telgte*, was dedicated to Hans Werner Richter, the founder of Group 47, and it told of the coming together of German writers from all corners of the Empire after the devastations of the Thirty Years' War. There was no need to make explicit the parallel between 1647 and 1947; Grass let the analogy speak for itself and devoted his energies to conveying the sense of a Europe exhausted and all but destroyed by war, and bringing to life a whole host of minor and largely forgotten German writers of the seventeenth century. But just because (in less than 150 pages) he succeeded so well in evoking particular artists at a particular time, the book was also saying something about the relation of art to the realities of life at all times, everywhere. Writers, unlike businessmen and politicians, are free spirits, owing allegiance only to the truth, anxious only to emulate their great predecessors; but they are also more prone than most men to vanity, sloth, lechery and cowardice. They have very little power to change reality, and yet it is only by recognizing their weaknesses and limitations that they may, perhaps, change it, even if ever so slightly.

Headbirths, also among the shortest novels Grass has written, is again dedicated to a writer, Nicolas Born, his younger contemporary, dying of cancer as the book begins and dead by the time it ends. It too takes as its central theme the responsibility of the writer to make holes in all the walls men build: walls around their countries, as in China; through the middle of their countries, as in Germany.

Headbirths was sparked off by a lecture tour Grass was invited to undertake in China, with Volker Schlöndorff, the maker of the film *The Tin Drum*. In England we are used to novelists who are stuck for a subject for their next novel getting their publishers to finance a trip to some exotic region and then "writing it up". This form of journalism seems to be more popular with reviewers and the book-buying public than works of fiction (after all, it deals with reality and novels are, in the end, only inventions, aren't they?), so publishers are pleased to pay up. Grass's book is not of this kind. As with Stockhausen, the very modern sense of abrupt movement from one civilization to another has called forth from him a corresponding movement of the imagination.

The heritage and the hive

By Alan Brownjohn

PENELOPE LIVELY:
Next to Nature, Art
186pp. Heinemann. £6.95.
434 42739 X

In her last novel, *Judgement Day*, Penelope Lively took some intelligent soundings on life in the 1970s from the standpoint of a developing commuter village in the English heartlands. The scale was small, but the observation was precise, the view broad and compassionate. With her new book, *Next to Nature, Art*, we are back in 1974, when - and the sentiment suggests the ironic frame for this useful little saga - "creativity is rated high".

The setting now is even narrower than the several houses around the village green: one large house only, Framleigh Hall, to which come a representative set of near-middle class people, united in a bewildered longing to fulfil themselves through self-expression. The last of the opportunistic dynasty of the Standishes, Toby Standish, has turned the Hall into the Framleigh Creative Study Centre, and the novel is about one characteristically dreadful residential course.

Miss Lively has discerned something not frequently noticed in the English character, which is commonly assumed to be entirely philistine and scornful about artists. She knows that the scorn is more than a little envious; and that one form of which the effort to keep it going.

many; around places they don't want to examine too closely, such as nuclear installations; and around themselves. Grass has no time for those, like Rudi Dutschke, who have, as he puts it, "a faith that refuses to be put off by reality", but it is a measure of the complexity of this short book, and of its refusal to settle down comfortably in any one attitude, that Grass also gives a moving account of Dutschke's death (he drowned in his bath during an epileptic fit brought on by the attempt on his life years earlier). For Grass, though, the writer's task is not to project apocalypses but to use his imagination in the service of reality; not to mythologize, as some much-praised English and American writers, drunk on the irresponsible power of the imagination, seem to think, but, on the contrary, to demythologize. What if I had been born in 1917 and not 1927? Grass asks. How would I have acted under the Nazis? What if down in South-East Asia there were only eighty million Chinese but here in the heart of Europe there were close on a billion Germans? It is the writer's function to raise these questions, to ask us to consider alternative realities, not so that we may lose ourselves in them, but so that we may recognize important facts about the reality we have; that it is the product of specific choices and decisions at specific times by specific people; that we can make other choices than the ones that appear to be forced upon us, if we so choose.

Headbirths was sparked off by a lecture tour Grass was invited to undertake in China, with Volker Schlöndorff, the maker of the film *The Tin Drum*. In England we are used to novelists who are stuck for a subject for their next novel getting their publishers to finance a trip to some exotic region and then "writing it up". This form of journalism seems to be more popular with reviewers and the book-buying public than works of fiction (after all, it deals with reality and novels are, in the end, only inventions, aren't they?), so publishers are pleased to pay up. Grass's book is not of this kind. As with Stockhausen, the very modern sense of abrupt movement from one civilization to another has called forth from him a corresponding movement of the imagination.

One can imagine what the projected film, for example, might become in the hands of a Waugh or an Amis; Grass never allows himself the luxury of simple satire for the sake of laughs, nor does he imagine that he is himself so completely in possession of the truth that he can be complacent about the follies of others. He has enough in common with his two schoolteachers not to be content simply to laugh at them, ridiculous though they are - but then, Grass insists, we are all ridiculous, and our only hope is to remain alive to the complexities of the world. That is really what the book is about. Grass comments disparagingly on reviewers who praised his large novels for throwing light upon the past but

found no good to say about the collection of election speeches in which he tried to deal with the present and the future. Be a good boy, they seemed to be telling him, stick to the role of novelist and illuminate the past for us; as for the present, keep off it. As if in answer to this, Grass has, in his last two books, made past and present simultaneously alive, first with the single image of the meeting at Telgte, and now with the multiple small images he calls headbirths.

A headbirth is a symbol of sterility; perhaps it is all the Germans are now good for. Any group that starts to worry about whether or not to have children is on its way to extinction. And this might be no bad thing, Grass suggests. After all, the Romans had their day and then disappeared. Why not the Germans? At the same time a headbirth is an imaginative projection: What if there were two ex-radical school teachers and they were to go off on an Asian holiday in search of reality? What if I had been born ten years earlier? What if Germany were not divided? What if we had as many Germans in the middle of Europe as there are Chinese in China? This is Kierkegaard contra Hegel. It is not the patterns of history that are important, but the moment when Cromwell or Napoleon or Abraham or you or I decide to go this way rather than that. Join me, Grass seems to be saying, let us try this out, and then this, and then this. How does the world look now?

But once again the ambiguities surface. Is Grass on the defensive or the offensive? In his encounters with the Chinese he finds that he and they have unexpected ground in common. For the Chinese have just come out of their Cultural Revolution, they feel they have to learn to read and write all over again, to rediscover

Agitating for peace

By Frank O'Gorman

J. E. COOKSON:
The Friends of Peace
Anti-war liberalism in England, 1793-1815
330pp. Cambridge University Press.
£24
0 521 23928 1

The essential theme of British history in the late eighteenth century is that of challenge to the established social and political order. The challenge has been variously construed: as the rise of "radicalism" in politics, as the emergence of "class consciousness" - both middle and working - in social relationships, and as the growth of moral protest in religion. Nevertheless, the peaceful and successful accommodation of these competing elements testifies to the remarkable flexibility and adaptability of Hanoverian society. Few, if any, historians have achieved a balanced appreciation of the total social and political context of this development. Indeed, their ignorance of it remains alarming.

Cookson is rightly determined to rescue the peace agitators of the years 1793-1815 from the inexplicable neglect of historians. The strength of the peace movement lay not in any formal constitution but in its local communities and their leadership, linked by complicated networks of contacts of all kinds - familial, occupational, religious, and academic. Even during the worst years of Pitt's repression a community of feeling was growing. The simple virtues of Dissenting Christianity, the theological inspiration for a massive movement of extraordinary energy and devotion, significant in the history of peace, appealed to a broad cross-section of class

feeling. A middle-class consciousness may have appeared in the 1790s as a countervailing response to the climate of loyalist Anglicanism but the rhetoric of class was incapable of sustaining anti-war agitation.

Essential to the cohesion of the Friends of Peace was a powerful and sympathetic press. Here, the interests and fortunes of the Foxite Whigs overlap with those of the Friends. The development of a liberal press in this period, in fact, owes almost as much to the Foxites as it does to the provincial sentiment of the Friends. Men of peace could be skilful propagandists. New standards of journalism, new techniques of persuasion and a new note of moral questioning, helped to stoke the demand for peace. At the height of Pitt's repression the Friends were consolidating their hold on the provincial press. The *Leeds Mercury* and the *Edinburgh Review* linked the worlds of Foxite Whiggism and provincial Dissent.

Their alliance was to dominate the history of nineteenth-century Whiggism. In the early years, the one fed upon the other. The Foxites became a more popular and more radical party than their origins suggested, while the Friends became firmly attached to parliamentary and constitutional methods. Whig influence was concentrated upon the south-east and some of the counties, that of the Dissenters upon the provincial urban centres. The key to their success was their mutual cooperation. When they ceased to work together they ceased to be effective.

E. P. Thompson has argued that Pitt's regime silenced "the democratic intelligentsia". That position is now no longer tenable. "The democratic intelligentsia" remained within the pale of politics and its protests could not be silenced. Indeed, it came to question not merely the morality of Pitt's war and the legitimacy of Pitt's government; it gave

rise to a thoroughgoing critique and condemnation of the instruments of oligarchy and corruption: the Church, the Bank, the chartered companies and the municipal corporations.

This mentality and its currency should not be underestimated. In 1808, for example, 150,000 people supported the peace agitation in Lancashire and Yorkshire alone. Well might Dr Cookson complain that the real threat to the régime was coming less from the Luddites than from the Friends of Peace. In 1812, after an unprecedented agitation involving both parliamentary Whigs and provincial liberals, the Orders in Council were withdrawn. This was followed in 1813 by the significant reduction of the privileges of the East India Company and the repeal of certain statutes which limited the rights of Dissenters. The liberalization of the British state was already under way.

Cookson attributes too much to the Friends of Peace and is inclined to exaggerate both the homogeneity and the energy of Dissenting opinion. He makes assertions, moreover, which his evidence does not quite support - his comments on the decline of loyalism seem to me to underestimate the emergence of a popular "Tory" culture.

These criticisms can only be offered, however, because Cookson is anxious to locate his Friends of Peace within a solid framework of interpretation. Inevitably, perhaps, in the present state of knowledge, such an enterprise has its pitfalls. He has, however, done more than most of his predecessors to repair damaging omissions and to avoid fashionable controversy. He has asked his own questions and sought to supply his own answers. In doing so, he may not always have attained a clarity of explanation to satisfy all scholars but they will for many years need to take his considerable achievement into account.

who and what they are after a decade of distortion and falsification. And we, says Grass, who stayed behind and lived through the Nazi years inside Germany, how can we live up to the heritage of the great émigré writers, Mann and Brecht? They were classics in their lifetime; we, however, can only stammer.

He does not say: After Hitler only silence is possible. That too would be mythologizing, giving in to the Hitler rhetoric. Stammering is the truer, more exact, more imaginative word. And Grass's books, we could say, are all stammers: false starts, hesitations, haunted by the inability to move forward, to round out the sentence, the paragraph, the work. But, like the greatest artists, he has made a strength out of weakness. Grass writes:

"We've learned in school that the present comes after the past and is followed by the future. But I work with a fourth tense, the past present. That's why my form gets unsteady. On my paper more is possible. Here only chaos foment order. Here even holes are contents."

In the large novels such remarks somehow convey an off-putting self-confidence; in both *The Meeting at Telgte* and *Headbirths* they are the signs of Grass's humility, of his concern with how things are, and of a new simplicity at the heart of complexity. Grass seems to have found a way of bridging the gap between a private manic inventiveness and a commitment to the complex realities of the world, between *The Tin Drum* and *From the Diary of a Small Artist*. Cannot pull down the walls men build, but they can make holes in them. In *Headbirths*, as in *The Meeting at Telgte*, Grass does not merely tell us this: he shows us how it can be done. It is an exhilarating performance.

Recent Books from Secker & Warburg

Saul Bellow

THE DEAN'S DECEMBER

Winner of the 1978 Nobel Prize for Literature
"It is a brilliant piece of work... one of his best."
David Holloway, *Daily Telegraph*
"Corde is one of Bellow's greatest successes, and this novelist has had many."
Ian McEwan, *Observer*
"The Vesuvian eloquence of Saul Bellow is one of the glories of modern literature... (He) writes as if he'd never noticed limits in his imaginative precinct."
Jonathan Raban, *Sunday Times* £7.95

Heinrich Böll

THE SAFETY NET

Winner of the 1972 Nobel Prize for Literature
"Time and again Heinrich Böll shows us his mastery of the novel form. *The Safety Net* is no exception."
Marilyn Goñi, *Daily Telegraph*
"I think it is simply a marvellous book... it's entirely convincing."
Peter Porter
"This fine, meticulous novel shows Böll at his most effectively human."
Salman Rushdie, *New Statesman* £7.50

William Rodgers

THE POLITICS OF CHANGE

Politically this could be the most important book published in Britain this year.
"It is an excellent book... go and read it yourselves."
Jo Grimond, *Spectator*
"Mr Rodgers writes better than most politicians... but the chief merit of the book is not so much literary as moral."
Alan Watkins, *Observer*
"It is crisp and lucid... But what matters about it most of all is the tone of voice... a reasoned, temperate argument is a wonderful relief."
Edward Pearce, *Sunday Telegraph* £7.95

Secker & Warburg

Avoiding the double bind

By David Lodge

BERNARD SHARRATT:
Reading Relations
Structures of Literary Production. A
Dialectical Text/Book
318pp. Brighton: Harvester. £18.95.
0 7108 0059 2

[Stylistically, practical criticism works through a competing proliferation of "personal" interpretations; it is therefore fundamentally a discourse of individual polemic (masked by that urbanity we all know so well from the TLS.)

This observation was made in the course of a review, published in the *Journal Screen Education*, of a book entitled *Screen Reader 1*, edited by John Ellis. Since *Screen Education* is an offshoot of *Screen* (a journal of film criticism which has been one of the principal mediators of the Lacanian-Althusserian-Marxist school of literary semiotics in Britain) it is not surprising that the review was a favourable one. The passage including the words quoted above is cited in the course of another, this time fiercely hostile, review, written from the *Screen* position, and signed "S. P." of *Reading Relations* by Bernard Sharratt (whose name is carelessly misspelled "Sharratt", "Sharratt", "Sharratt" etc. throughout) — a review which is incorporated in the final pages of the book *Reading Relations* itself, together with an exasperated report on the original manuscript by the publisher's reader, "J. G.", who suggested drastic cuts, several of which seem to have been carried out, and a "paracritical review" by two friendly deconstructionists but call themselves "Marie and Bill", who are, like "S. P." and "J. G.", fairly transparent aliases for Dr Sharratt himself. These end-pieces, gathered together under the heading, "Suite-talk", anticipate and parody almost every possible evaluative response to *Reading Relations*, just as the main body of the book parodies and subverts its own procedures and the institutional practices and discourses to which it belongs. The book ends with a few pages of acknowledgments in which the author gravely thanks, among others, John Ellis and Ben Brewster, his colleagues at the University of Kent, and both members of the editorial board of *Screen*.

It is not only, therefore, the urbane lackey of the TLS who, invited to review *Reading Relations*, is likely to approach his task in the spirit of a man opening a strange-looking parcel with a Belfast postmark. The portrait of Dr Sharratt himself on the inside of the dust-jacket tends to reinforce such caution. He is posed against a rather bleak background that looks at first sight like the hard shoulder of the M1, but on closer examination is probably part of the Kent campus, a plateau overlooking the city of Canterbury. The author's handsome, tanned head is in three-quarters profile, and there is a frown just above the scholarly spectacles, and a faintly menacing thrust to the strong mouth and chin, which seem calculated to warn off potential assailants. That the eyes are narrowed and swivelled backwards as far as they can go may signify that he is more apprehensive of a stab in the back than of a frontal assault.

We may linger a little longer on the dust-jacket. It bears a glowing recommendation from Terry Eagleton — "This is an absolutely important first-rate book" — from which we may safely infer, ignoring the distraction of that oddly-placed "absolutely", that *Reading Relations* is a work of "Marxist" criticism. It also bears a little rectangular, self-adhesive label on which some sense of the book's worth may be struck by the irony of a word of Marxist criticism being entrapped in the inflationary economics of contemporary publishing, which apparently defer the publisher from using his own technology to print the name of the book on the cover. It will be obsolete by the time it reaches the point of sale, but this is the point of sale.

thus imposing upon some unfortunate worker the alienating and repetitive task of inscribing and affixing thousands of individual price-tags by hand.

Opening the book, we find the contents divided up and categorized as if on a menu. *Aperitifs*: a clutch of quotations from Roland Barthes, S. T. Coleridge, T. S. Eliot, et al. *Crudites*: some rather personal, agonized reflections by the author about the paradoxes and contradictions of being a radical academic paid by a capitalist society to read books he would want to read anyway, in a world where political oppression and chronic social injustice are never more than a few hours' jet flight away. *Portage*: a conference paper "about the relations between marxism and literary criticism, and, more generally, about politics and art", which takes a broad sweep through intellectual history from Plato to Marx and Lacan in a somewhat haphazard fashion (representative phrase: "I want to at this point to take a sudden jump to what may seem an entirely unrelated subject..."). *Poisson*: a review of Raymond Williams's *Marxism and Literature* — respectful but vaguely disappointed. *Brontë Entrée*: a rather routine essay on *Wuthering Heights* yoked forcibly to speculations about Trotsky.

At this point the reader may suspect that the flashy menu disguises a collation of warmed-up occasional essays and reviews. But the book suddenly changes shape in a manner reminiscent of eighteenth-century satire on scholarship and bookmaking. We are confronted with a new title page — *Reading Relations: A Study of the Reproduction of the Social Relations of the Production of Literature* by "Anne Arthur" (an author — geddit?) published by "Theoretical Parody Publications Ltd." and, belatedly, a list of contents, which divides Ms Arthur's work into two parts. Part One consists of a lecture, a seminar and an examination paper with answers. The lecture is on "Figures and Models of Marxist Literary Criticism" and consists of a critique of Marx, Goldmann, Althusser and Eagleton, trying to represent the relationship of literature to ideology and ideology to modes of production in a series of diagrams of increasingly baffling complexity — all boxes, arrows and connecting lines of the kind that one has laboriously to translate back into discursive prose in order to understand.

The seminar, which begins promisingly with quotations from *The Good Show* ("The letter is written in a disguised voice") and *Our Mutual Friend* ("He do the police in different voices") is perhaps the most original and substantial part of the book, though quite as tricky elusiveness of evaluation and interpretation as the rest of it. It begins with a somewhat laboured and over-ingenious analysis by "Chris" of the "reading-relations" reader brought into play by the Deconstruction of Herbert's *The Temple*. Because of the rather special ontological status of the addressee in this instance (God) these relations are peculiarly complex, and hardly representative of "literature" as a whole. The next speaker, Phil, makes this point, invoking the philosophical study of speech-acts. Someone called LN, who seems to have stepped straight out of Poy Simmonds's *Guardian* strip cartoon, complains that "what we need is a theoretical framework" in which we can precisely locate the concept of literature. There are some faintly *untheorised* terms playing across Chris's discourse, and so on, until interrupted by Phil, a very recognizable figure of a seminar bully who drops his brow names with a studiously opinionated touch ("Yea; I've read me Deride"). Phil is a Brechtian who believes in action rather than contemplation, and what happened to the political revolution of the seveneenth century being to the more meaningful exercise than fiddling about with the reading relations of the

Dedication. Then George interestingly applies Gregory Bateson's concept of the "double-bind" in the psychopathology of familial relations to relations of power and domination in the body politic, arguing that "the point about at least some of these is that the 'victim' puts himself into a double-bind insofar as he won't leave the field of contradictory injunctions because he will lose his own power."

There follows a long contribution from Bert, remarkable both for its rambling structure, proceeding from topic to topic in a fashion more like free association than logical argument, and also for some striking observations on, for instance, discourse as an attempted denial of death.

The fundamental "repression" that shapes discourse is the repression of the knowledge of death, of final absence, the intellectual certainty that I will die, very soon. Because the logic of "difference" requires the logic of "same", and what makes us all similar is the body; all bodies die; every body dies.

Bert also provides a fascinating commentary on the recent intellectual history of the Left in Britain, focusing on the epistemological "break" between the old humanist New Left, represented by Raymond Williams and E. P. Thompson, and the new post-structuralist kind of Marxism imported from France in the 1960s and 1970s. Bert seems sentimentally nostalgic towards the former, though conscious of its theoretical weakness; and both fascinated and repelled by the latter, which in its denial of the autonomy of the individual self seems to him to give a theoretical blessing to the Stalinist totalitarianism which has done so much to discredit Marxism as a political philosophy in Western Europe.

Here we may feel that we are getting close to the position of the "real" Dr Sharratt; but just what it looks as if he might stand up, he instead brings the seminar to an abrupt close, distributing, without comment, another gathering of quotations. (The plethora of quotations in this book — I write as the author of two of them — is not in itself to be deplored. On the contrary, they are one of its chief ornaments, testifying to the breadth and adventurousness of Sharratt's reading, and constituting quite an instructive course of education in themselves. It is only a pity that most of them are set in an eye-torturing eight-point type of the kind normally used for footnotes.)

The next part of the book consists of a take-home examination paper for a course entitled "Studies in Legal Fiction" and some answers referring to such set texts as Poe's "The Mystery of the Blue Cross", Chesterton's *The Blue Cross*, Camus's *The Fall*, Chandler's *The Big Sleep* and Kafka's *The Trial* (this one ends abruptly with the parenthetical note, "Unfinished — no time"). There is some thoughtful and thought-provoking criticism in these pages about the relationship between the novel, especially the novel of crime and detection, and the ideological apparatus of the law in society at different historical periods.

And what comes after the final examination? Why, the postgraduate thesis, of course! Part Two of Ms Arthur's work consists of doctoral theses on nineteenth-century working-class autobiography, which it is no surprise to discover (from the Acknowledgments at the end of the book) was Sharratt's own PhD thesis, examined by Professor Raymond Williams. It is a decent, sensitive, slightly tentative manner of Williams himself, of some interesting but neglected literary materials, showing how the strands and tensions of being educated and working-class in the Victorian period showed themselves in the written handling of the conventions of confessional and narrative writing. It seems entirely untouched by the influence of Continental post-structuralist theory.

Then comes the "Suite-talk" which referred to at the outset, from

which one may infer Sharratt's own hopes and fears for the reception of his book. The most favourable estimate would be that he has found a way of renouncing the will-to-power which, some would argue, motivates, and vitiates, all discourse, even that which is ostensibly committed to interpretative free-play and plurality of meaning. By doing the critical police in different voices, he has divested them of their power to intimidate and repress, he has created spaces in his text into which the reader may insert himself in order to do his own "work". There is some suggestion that he has thus reinstated a Platonic (ie, dialectical) model for criticism in place of the more totalitarianist Aristotelian one. There is, however, no Socrates in the *Reading Relations*, no speaker who acts as a leader, guide and teacher, ensuring that the dialectical progress and produces knowledge. The only knowledge to be gained from *Reading Relations* is of the problems and contradictions that critics, especially Marxist critics, confront. Or, as "S. P." less sympathetically puts it:

No possible pattern of thought, no procedure for thinking is ever, preliminarily or provisionally established by this exercise in intellectual delinquency that it would be a misguided compliment to call derivatively Dadaist.

This writer has his own cruel explanation for the form of the book. Purporting to equate the *impasse* of Marxist theory with the *impasse* of working-class political movements in Western Europe, it in fact expresses only the vocational *impasse* of the radical academic:

and, particularly, I suspect, the ex-radical student" of the late 1960s, whose "long march through the institutions" march own extended political *rite de passage*, has turned into a slow revolve of university corridors and committees in the late 1970s, a game of professorial tag in which the music gets more and more funeral and the strains of the *Red Flag* get ever fainter. . . . What the book then does to itself is to take the obvious next step: into self-destruction.

When one reflects that it is Sharratt himself that is writing this, the force of that "self-destruction" becomes sufficiently strong to wipe the smile off the reader's face.

"S. P." relents to the extent of suggesting that *Reading Relations* "might best be read as a typical instance of the self-conscious fiction of post-modernism". The paracritical review by "Marie and Bill", who admit that they are privy to the author's designing thoughts, certainly shows that there is more artfulness in the arrangement of the book's contents than one might suspect, but *Reading Relations* seems rather lacking in narrative interest to succeed as fiction.

The real motivation behind this remarkable enterprise might be sought in one of the quotations which the author tosses, without comment, on bringing this event to its close. The quotation is a long footnote to Perry Anderson's 1968 essay, "Components of the National Culture":

The novel has declined as a coherent genre, not as it is often alleged — because it was the product of the rising bourgeoisie of the nineteenth century and could not survive it. The true reason is that it has disappeared into the abysses between everyday language and the technical discourses inaugurated by Marx and Freud. The sum of objective knowledge within the specialised codes of the human sciences has decisively contradicted and surpassed the normal assumptions behind exoteric speech. The result is that a novelist, after Marx and Freud, has either to simulate an arcadian innocence or transfer elements of their discourse immediately into his work. Hence the entrenched bifurcation between pseudo-traditional and experimental novels. The ingeniousness of the former is always bad

faith. . . . The opposite solution — the inclusion of frontier concepts from Freud or Marx within the novel — has no viable outcome either. . . . The novelist can only forge his art from the material of ordinary language. If there is a radical discordance between this and objective knowledge of man and society, the novel ceases. It has no ground between the naive and the arcane.

As a diagnosis of the state of fiction this seems, some fourteen years later, unduly pessimistic. The serious literary novel is enjoying something of a boom at present; the polarity in British writing between "traditional" and "experimental" fiction is no longer as stark as it once was; and the success of a novel like D. M. Thomas's *The White Hotel* shows how a resourceful novelist may integrate the "technical discourses" of Freud, for instance, into his fiction without losing touch with ordinary language. But if we substitute the words "literary criticism" and "literary critic" for "novel" and "novelist" in Anderson's note, then we get an exact formulation of the contemporary crisis in criticism, and of the vocational plight out of which Sharratt has written *Reading Relations*. It is literary criticism, not the novel, which has "disappeared into the abyss between everyday language and the technical discourses inaugurated by Marx and Freud"; which has bifurcated into the "traditional" (literary history, literary biography, practical criticism) and the "experimental" (structuralism, deconstruction, Bloom's poetics of misreading etc); which can find "no ground between the naive and the arcane".

The literary critic is thus placed in the classic double-bind, which according to Bateson consists of a "primary negative injunction" (e.g. "Do not exclude anybody seriously interested in literature from your discourse about literature"), a secondary injunction conflicting with the first at a more abstract level (e.g. "Do acquaint yourself with the latest and most powerful tools of analysis available in the human sciences in spite of their mystifying jargon and counter-intuitive 'axioms'") and a "tertiary injunction prohibiting the victim from escaping from the field covered by the other two injunctions" (e.g. the academic job, with its dual obligation to teach and carry out research into "literature").

Every sensitive and intelligent member of our profession must feel the pressure of this double-bind to some extent. For the Marxist, committed to an anti-elliptical model of society and education, it represents a particularly cruel dilemma. As Bert put it in the course of the Seminar, Althusserian-Lacanian discourse is hardly the best way of hastening the Revolution, because "your enemies don't read it and a lot of your allies can't".

According to Bateson, the double-bind produces schizophrenia in the victim. *Reading Relations* is best described metaphorically as a schizophrenic book, in which the author's "self" is split, fragmented and dispersed and demonized. The result, like real schizophrenia in the realm of human behaviour, is by turns fascinating, entertaining, irritating and intimidating to the putatively sane (or urbane). It is not entirely successful — but then the basic concept of the enterprise ruled out "success": it is certainly a very impressive, courageous and instructive kind of failure.

In *Telling How Texts Talk: Essays on Reading and Ethnomethodology* (1979, Routledge and Kegan Paul, £9.95, 0 710 9047 1) A. W. McHoul uses recent developments in ethnomethodology and conversational analysis to discuss problems of "textual" communication, extending the scope of ethnomethodology into the realm of "non-face-to-face communication". The main concern of the book is to ask what competent readers of texts must know and use in order to accomplish the routine interactions they have with texts.

Monumental scholarship

By Paul Cartledge

SIMON HORNBLOWER:
Mausolus

398pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £35.
0 19 814844 5

In life the emperor Augustus, Queen Victoria and Lenin would have made an improbable ruling triad. In death they find themselves yoked by the type and name of their final terrestrial abodes: in each case a Mausoleum. The eponymous Mausolus — or Mausollos as he is more usually appears in the contemporary sources — may not rival Dr Condom or Mr Biro in the practical utility of the product named after him; but he is clearly an historical figure of considerable bulk and stature, long overdue for the searching and comprehensive appraisal he receives in Simon Hornblower's challenging and difficult book.

But the title is strictly a misnomer (even when not misprinted by *The Times*, with unconscious irony, as *Amusolus*). For this is not in any sense a biography of the fourth century BC (c 377–353) Carian dynast. Rather, as Dr Hornblower is quick to point out in his preface, and slower to repeat in the 2714th of his 2893 footnotes, the theme of the monograph is the hellenization of Caria. This complex cultural process was neither initiated nor completed by Mausollos, though he no doubt accelerated it. Presumably therefore the title was chosen for its commercial appeal. Certainly it enabled the designer of the handsome dust-jacket to make striking use of a colossal marble statue which, together with other *disiecta membra* from the original Mausoleum at Halikarnassos (modern Bodrum in Turkey), is now splendidly displayed in the Mausoleum Room at the British Museum.

This colossus is conventionally identified as a portrait of the dynast, and its no less imposing female companion as one of his full sister, wife and co-ruler Artemisia. But these identifications are unfortunately far from secure. As such they are, sadly, a major blemish of Hornblower's, and one which he does not seem to be aware of. His "control figure" is not of course because his research has been patchy and careless, his insight weak, or his arguments poorly framed. On the contrary, it would be hard to think of an ancient historian who could have more painstakingly turned (or at least personally inspected) every available stone, kept so enviably abreast of scholarship in his and adjacent fields, displayed such a range of general historical knowledge, or argued his points with more vigour and finesse. The trouble is simply that the evidence required to clinch those hypotheses and assertions is usually lacking, both in quality and in quantity. This hard and uncomfortable fact is not always given here the priority and prominence it merits, nor can any amount of reference to "new" inscriptions or multiplication of learned footnotes entirely hide it from view. As long as it remains a fact, Hornblower will find it difficult to evade the charge of spinning what Francis Bacon called "cobwebs of learning", admirable for the fineness of thread and work, but of no substantial import or profit.

Ancient Caria was a rugged, hill-ridden region in the south-west corner of Asia Minor; indeed, only a generation back (Dr Hornblower relates) a pair of wild leopards was hunted on the Halikarnassos peninsula. Bounded on the north by Lydia, on the south-east by Lycia, in each instance by a river, the region formed a natural and defensible geographical unit. Ethnically speaking, the indigenous "Lelegian" population of the interior was joined from around 1000 BC by Greek colonists whose most important coastal settlements were from north to south: Miletos, Iasos, Halikarnassos (birthplace of Herodotus), and Knidos. Politically, Caria was incorporated within the Achaemenid Persian Empire in the 540s, but under the

administrative dispositions of the third Great King, Darius I, its identity was submerged in the large and fluctuating satrapy (military province and taxation district) based on Lydian Sardis.

The strength of Persia's grip on Caria varied directly with the control exercised by the central government at Susa over its Sardis satrap and with the willingness and ability of mainland Greek powers to challenge Persia for hegemony over the western Asiatic seaboard. Thus inland Mylasa, for example, the most important native centre and original home of Mausollos, joined the (ill-named) Ionian Revolt in 497 and half a century later was a tributary subject of the anti-Persian Athenian Empire at its height. But for present purposes the decisive change in Caria's political status within the Persian Empire sprang from the crisis of the decades on either side of 400.

The upshot of revolts in Asia Minor and Egypt, and a volte-face by Persia's former ally Sparta, was the decision to create a separate satrapy of Caria under Mausollos' father, Hekatomnos son of Hysaules, most probably in 392/1. Hornblower ably argues the Persian case for this administrative reshuffle and ingeniously accounts for the choice of Hekatomnos on the ground of his hereditary claim to a local "kingship of the Carians". He cogently justifies too the genealogical tree and satrapal dates of the Hekatomnid dynasty that are conveniently set out in the Figure facing Page One. And he makes what he can, if at tedious length, of the scrawpy evidence for Mausollos' relations, economic and political, with the native and Greek inhabitants of Caria. In particular, his discussion of the mainly strategic motivation for and the cultural implications of the "synoikism" (re-foundation by the incorporation of native settlements into an already mixed Greek and native city) of Halikarnassos well shows why he considers this Mausollos' most important achievement.

But he will convince by no means everyone of his view that Hekatomnid Caria was a satrapy on all fours with the other Western Asiatic satrapies, whose satraps were Iranians often related to, and indeed rivals of, the Achaemenid Great King. W. Childs, for example, in a 1981 article that even Hornblower's cyclostyled and separately inserted list of addenda dated January 1982 was unable to catch, finds it more likely that Mausollos "served as a sub-satrap in the Persian administration with certain freedoms as a local ruler apart from the administration of the Persian Empire". This view too has its difficulties, but it does neatly dispose of such anomalies as Mausollos' independent conduct of foreign relations, his striking of a copious and regular dynastic coinage, his possession of a standing navy, and indeed of his (if it was his) commissioning of the Mausoleum, and the several other make it all too clear, as Hornblower does exhaustively, how far Hekatomnid Caria was, fiscally a "typical" satrapy — a pity, since Caria provides a good deal of evidence on this question that would be of primary significance for the Achaemenid Empire as a whole. Still, apart from the persistent misuse of feudal terminology, Hornblower's twenty dense pages on the nature of that Empire are none the less indispensable reading on a horribly complex but fundamentally important subject.

So too I found most valuable his treatments of the revolt, or rather revolts, of the western satraps between the 370s and the 350s and of the rise and decay of the Second Athenian Confederacy between 378 and 355. I look forward to reading his forthcoming account of the revolting satraps in the revised *Cambridge Ancient History*; but meanwhile it is good to have the four phrases of their revolt clearly distinguished, even if the narrative is of a comparable clarity or distinction and the role of Mausollos himself inevitably remains as so often, spectral. A historical commentary on Demosthenes' Oration XV, "On the Liberty of the Rhodians", is also promised; this will presumably repeat the same Mausollos, but under the

plausible view that Mausollos was the chief instigator of the allied revolt which fatally undermined the political and military effectiveness of Athens' naval confederacy.

It was, moreover, a nice touch to remark that the failure of Athens in the Social War of 357–35 meant an end for ever to "the concept of proselytizing democracy". In calling this "tragic" Hornblower places himself in the same camp as Geoffrey de Ste Croix whose recent *The Class Struggle in the Ancient Greek World* among much else details the melancholy process whereby the Greek propertied classes combined with their successive Macedonian and Roman overlords to stamp out ancient democracy. Here is another example of the way in which, as Hornblower rightly names, the Hekatomnid dynasts "bridge the classical and hellenistic worlds".

Far less illuminating is most of the remainder of the work, devoted to Hekatomnid building and further aspects of the hellenization of Caria. Particularly disappointing is the chapter on the Mausoleum, the longest in the book, which like its subject seems overblown and unduly self-important. It may not matter much historically that we cannot clearly identify the "Mausollos" and "Artemisia" statues or that we cannot precisely reconstruct the Mausoleum on paper (Hornblower wisely declines to enter this battlefield). It does matter very much indeed that we do not and cannot know by whom or when the structure was commissioned, how much it cost (whether absolutely or as a percentage of Hekatomnid assets and revenues), and what exactly it signified and symbolized. Here Bacon's remark applies most stringently, and the piling up of possible parallels, precedents, and influences, no matter how dextrously managed, can never compensate for the dearth of good, positive evidence.

It is sobering to reflect that one of the best-attested facts about Mausollos occurred after his death, namely the funerary *agon* (contest) organized by his devoted widow. Yet the fact of this contest does not by itself solve the central mystery of the Mausoleum, how its first occupant was intended to be represented thereby. As a hero? Or a god? Speculation is fruitless. And it is rebarbative to all the established canons of historical judgment to propose an interpretation of the Mausoleum's symbolic function that is crucially based on a Greek tragedy of which the name alone survives. "De tuis iuxis", as Louis Robert once remarked in connection with another Asiatic dynast, "sont assez vaines".

Would that Hornblower had applied his great erudition and formidable ingenuity to I do not say a more interesting and important, but to a better documented subject.

The penultimate chapter, on the Hekatomnids' programme of civic and military building, which follows one concerned with their dedications in sanctuaries, brings the reader back to earth with a bump. Hornblower's discussion of the re-erecting of synoikized Halikarnassos is one of the best things in the book. But his final chapter entitled simply "Hellenization" is less happy, not least because the opportunity to provide a balanced assessment of the extent and character of Hekatomnid hellenization is missed. The concept of hellenization is skilfully unpacked into its two main constituents, patronage and imitation of Greeks, but too sharp a contrast is drawn between political and cultural philhellenism. Let us concede, though strictly it is an article of faith, that

Mausollos did as much as or more than anyone to speed the process of cultural hellenization. This need not exclude the possibility that he furthered this process partly or mainly as a means of (literally) disorientating his native Carian subjects. For such widespread hellenization as is apparent in the fourth century — in Carian onomastics, the language of native inscriptions and coins, architectural forms, and so on — seems to me to have been no more deeply felt or understood than the more limited hellenization of the fifth or even sixth centuries (which Hornblower underemphasizes). It remained a veneer covering an essentially barbarian substructure, and in this regard the "hellenistic eclecticism" (Hornblower's own expression) of the Mausoleum is emblematic.

I began by calling *Mausolus* a difficult book. The difficulty is partly due to the subject-matter and to the character of the surviving documentation, which will not I gather be much improved by John Ray's recent decipherment of Carian. But the difficulty is greatly augmented by the author's arrangement and presentation of his material. The impression is given that, so far from carrying out the amputative and manipulative surgery usually needed to transform an Oxford doctoral thesis into a publishable monograph, Hornblower has grafted chunks of new matter on to an already expansive corpus. The are too many footnotes, and they are often too long. Space is wasted in castigating predecessors' wrong references, a dubious luxury in a book that is itself far from free of printing errors. All of which has of course contributed to its daunting price. Still, *Mausolus* is in its way a monument of scholarship, and it would be grossly unfair to "try it on a Carian" (the ancient equivalent of our "try it on the dog").

It is now confirmed by cleaning and by fragment, evidently unknown to Ridgway when she wrote with Olympian-like dexterity across the thighs (the helmet surprisingly worn short, above the knee). On the other hand I am in total disagreement with her idea (based on photographs mostly taken before cleaning) that the two bronze statues from the sea off Riace are classifying creations of a later date. They are strange and disturbing pieces, but show none of the anxious-to-please compromise of classicists. Their violent unlikeliness to the marble copies of the Roman period (the principal channel through which we have to approach classical bronzes) reminds me of when, having been brought up on Alice Meynell's version of *Loving Adam Tom*, I first met the original in *Giles Earle's Book*: shock at the seeming crudities and precipitous changes of mood giving place to recognition of a great masterpiece emasculated in the Victorian reconstitution.

A large number of works is discussed in the text, others in appendices to each chapter; and a good selection of what is discussed is well illustrated. There are notes, bibliographies and a full index. If chronological development seems to some eyes too rigidly consistent, the rigorous stylistic analyses on which the system is based are wholly admirable. Professor Ridgway is a pupil of Rhys Carpenter. From that great scholar she learnt really to look; and if her opinions, like his, often provoke violent disagreement, I for one find this a virtue rather than a vice.

There is not space in a review for much detail, but on every page of the book there are points one would like to take up: for praise or argument. One constantly finds new insights offered or old assumptions challenged; as, that it was regular for fifth-century temples to have carved metopes. Our awareness of the Parthenon is seen by Ridgway in this and other points as distorting her notions. These chapters on architectural sculpture are especially good. Ridgway never tries to make things seem simpler than they are, and the daunting complexity of the problems of copies, adaptations, influences and classicizing creations are bravely faced and well presented in Chapters Eight and Nine. One may often disagree with individual judgments, but they are always interesting. The author's treatment of the magnificent bronze head from the Paestum shipwreck is entirely convincing. The head's near-severe style

is now confirmed by cleaning and by fragment, evidently unknown to Ridgway when she wrote with Olympian-like dexterity across the thighs (the helmet surprisingly worn short, above the knee). On the other hand I am in total disagreement with her idea (based on photographs mostly taken before cleaning) that the two bronze statues from the sea off Riace are classifying creations of a later date. They are strange and disturbing pieces, but show none of the anxious-to-please compromise of classicists. Their violent unlikeliness to the marble copies of the Roman period (the principal channel through which we have to approach classical bronzes) reminds me of when, having been brought up on Alice Meynell's version of *Loving Adam Tom*, I first met the original in *Giles Earle's Book*: shock at the seeming crudities and precipitous changes of mood giving place to recognition of a great masterpiece emasculated in the Victorian reconstitution.

Volume 1 of the Loeb Classical Library's four-volume *Greek Lyric* translated by D. A. Campbell (492pp, Heinemann, £5.00 434 99142 2) covers the works of Sappho and Alcaeus. The book provides both text and translation for testimonia of the poets' lives as well as for their writing. There is a short section of fragments in the Aeolic dialect which could be by either Sappho or Alcaeus, and a table of comparative nomenclature showing how the fragments have been reworked from Lobe and Page.

Classicizing creations

By Martin Robertson

BRUNILDE SISMONDO RIDGWAY:
Fifth Century Styles in Greek Sculpture

256pp plus 159 black-and-white plates. Guildford: Princeton University Press. £31.60 (paperback, £10.50).
0 691 10116 7

In 1970 Brunilde Sismondo Ridgway produced *The Severe Style in Greek Sculpture*. Her fierce approach, keen eye, independent judgment and frequently brilliant insights made this one of the most important and influential works to appear in our times in the field of Greek art. That was followed in 1977 by *The Archaic Style in Greek Sculpture* and now by this book under review, and it is greatly to be hoped that the author will carry on, as she hints in the preface here that she may, with books on the styles of the fourth and subsequent centuries, though the Hellenistic period might better perhaps be treated as one. The division by centuries is arbitrary though convenient, and the title of the present volume is misleading. As Professor Ridgway herself points out, the archaic style carries over into the fifth century, and the severe style emerges over the second quarter, so that the styles covered in this book develop only in the second half of the century. It is hard to find an alternative term, but this one is awkward. However, it is the matter of the book that is important, and in this it is a worthy successor to the other two.

After an introductory chapter defining the subject and its problems, three chapters follow on architectural sculpture, our principal source for "original" works of this period: "Metopes", "Pediments" and "Akroteria", "Friezes". Then come "Greek Originals: Sculpture in the Round" and "Echoes of Fifth Century Works in Later Periods: Roman Creations". The main basis of the treatment is the author's convin-

commentary

Dallas-on-Thames

By Kenneth O. Morgan

Nancy Astor
BBC TV

The mystique that surrounds the career and reputation of Lady Astor is one of the more curious features of twentieth-century Britain. In her lifetime, she seems to have bewitched or beguiled a remarkable array of public figures, from predicament victims like Lloyd George or Bernard Shaw, to such unlikely admirers as Felix Frankfurter and Mahatma Gandhi. The aura survives, years after her death. In 1980 Michael Foot could write that "nobody can quite capture the excitement and loveliness which was Lady Astor", and this may be accepted. In fact, her historical importance has three main aspects. First, in her odyssey from post-bellum Virginia into the British aristocracy, she symbolizes one thread in the Anglo-American interconnection prior to the First World War. Cliveden, that gloomy, monumental bulk, was a mausoleum of one facet of the "special relationship". Secondly, whatever the myths linked with the "Cliveden set", the Astors do underline the illusions (on the part of the fellow-travelling right rather than of the anti-fascist left) that hindered a firm response towards the dictators by the appeasers within the National government. And finally, of course, Lady Astor's entry into the House of Commons in 1919 struck a crucial blow for feminists everywhere. Beyond this, the record is a thin one. Indeed, in her twenty-five years in the House, Lady Astor achieved far

less for women's rights than did either Ellen Wilkinson or Eleanor Rathbone. Her human sympathy for the poor and unemployed in Plymouth and elsewhere did not get far beyond late-Victorian Christian charity. She was, on the whole, an anachronism, though evidently a much-loved anachronism.

Few of these themes have been illuminated in the nine-part costume drama, *Nancy Astor*, which achieves the political implausibility and personal bathos of last year's Lloyd George serial, without showing either the distinction of direction or the brilliance of acting displayed by the BBC (Wales) team. The entire balance of the Astor series, apparently geared to the demands of transatlantic viewers, is hopelessly wrong. The first three episodes spend interminable time in the American South, pursuing the fortunes of the Langhorns and the disastrous first marriage between Nancy and Bobby Shaw. Magnolia blossom and hominy grits crush the vitality out of the early part of the series, and it never recovers. Not until the end of episode six, two thirds through, does Nancy actually enter the House of Commons. Thereafter, the political narrative is inevitably rushed and patchy. Unemployment, appeasement, Hitler and the war come second best to the family tensions and sexual brinkmanship. The political scenes are trivialized to the point of high comedy. The folksy backchat between Nancy and the Speaker (wrongly named), when she first enters the House, strains credulity to breaking point. Things do not improve thereafter. The Plymouth elections speak with cockney accents, perhaps to balance the distinctly transient Southern

drawl of Nancy and her family. It might be added that the unwashed, remarkably spruce and well-nourished, as do the poor whites of Virginia among whom Nancy conducts her missionary work as a child, in episode one.

Just as the background is improbable, so too is the complex of personal relations against which Nancy operates. The role of Waldorf is sadly misinterpreted, since that worthy man - a social reformer-Tory MP for nine years, a major figure in Lloyd George's Garden Suburb and a powerful influence as owner of the *Observer* (not mentioned) - becomes here little more than a cardboard cut-out. Vigorous "Round Table" men like Philip Kerr and Bob Brand have the very life throttled out of them. Some of the more private aspects, Nancy's phobia of alcohol for instance, or her fanatical commitment to Christian Science, come across rather better. But the overall effect is of a supremely political figure handled in an unpolitical fashion.

The major characters are all somewhat bereft. Lisa Harrow, as Nancy, is winsomely attractive in the early episodes - a Southern belle indeed, even if the accent is more Solid Surrey than Solid South. But she has little scope to convey the witfulness and even brutality that formed an ineradicable part of Nancy's make-up, as the disastrous record of family tragedy may suggest. James Fox (Waldorf), who superbly in the detached self-control of the younger Carillon in *Trevor Griffith's Country*, is buried here in a dull Germanic stereotype. David Warner conveys some of the

muddled idealism of Philip Kerr but little of his febrile passion. Perhaps the most satisfactory performances come in the more obscure characters. Pierce Brosnan as Robert Shaw suggests something of the physical drive of a lustful alcoholic. Regrettably the serial does not reveal, as Derek Marlowe's accompanying novel (*Nancy Astor*, 292pp, Penguin, £1.95) makes clear, that after escaping from Nancy's clutches, Shaw lived happily (and soberly) ever after as the husband of his ex-mistress, Lucy Conyers. And Nigel Havers, given more leeway than most of the cast, makes much of the pathetic, homosexual dissoluteness of the wretched Bobby. Nancy's first son and chief victim. The brief scene in episode six between the elderly Shaw and the son he has not seen in thirty years, provides a touching cameo. But such moments are infrequent.

This series affords ammunition for those who argue, *The Wilderness Years* notwithstanding, that high politics cannot be credibly portrayed on television. *Nancy Astor*, like *Lloyd George*, comes across best as soap opera. As *Dallas-on-Thames* with an everyday story of Cliveden folk to unravel, and Nancy herself stimulating and bullying her tribe. The wider significance of it all remains obscure. Despite a clutch of biographies (including a most attractive one by John Grigg), there is still much to be written on how such a rarefied figure came to be taken seriously by the British public in the inter-war years, and how such an irrelevant ménage as Cliveden (carefully screened off by trees from Marlow, Reading and the twentieth century) came to play any role in the social underpinning of British post-capitalist political discourse.

An echo-chamber

By Anne Duchêne

The Sidmouth Letters
BBC TV

BBC 2 gave up thirty-five minutes last Friday to a televised version of Jane Gardam's *"The Sidmouth Letters"*, published in 1980, a short story, postulating quite legitimately the possession of a modern Devon family of love-letters written by Jane Austen to an unknown gentleman, whose death prevented his collecting them from an address in Sidmouth. The adaptation gives rise to the usual thoughts about the difficulties of translating fiction into film, and some new ones about how the BBC, especially in these straitened times, might well explore the translation of short stories, rather than of nine-part block-busters.

The film is very carefully and lovingly directed by Nicholas Renton, and Ian Stone's photography is often very handsome. The story is adapted by Paula Milne. This might have been dangerous: Jane Gardam is a miniaturist, working with a very fine point - stippling, mostly, but now and then indolently fattening, whereas Paula Milne favours a bland wash over a dutifully up-to-date theme. (Her current BBC-1 *"Love Story"* serial is about the pains of infertility among erstwhile Flower People, perched now somewhere near the Chiswick fly-over.) However, with more than a minute to go, she has time, here, to be faithful to the story.

If none the less necessary to begin with confusing flash-backs - the heroine's hair-do an important index (hanging loosely indicates the past, planned-back means the present) while we learn that her American professor had once plucked her Love and Privacy, and typed it up: a bit for publication. Himself. That established, there is a heavily unholstered sequence about the professor in Clarissa's and on the scent

of the letters. Philip O'Brien, with only about ten minutes screen-time in all, plays the professor very hard as an ebullient Mailer-esque literary impresario and stirrer-up of once-troubled waters. Marcella Markham, equally short of time, goes hell-for-leather as his wife, costume jewellery a-tremble and a swig from a flask handy even in the devoutly sterilized atmosphere of the museum at Chawton. They emerge a bit bruised and breathless, as honourable stereotypes, or cartoons.

This conflicts with the remainder of the film, which is in English watercolour. The Devon sequences are stabilized less by trusty Patience Collier, rather overdoing things as an actress of failing memory, than by Fiona Walker's lovely, modest cameo of an English village-spinster, bright-eyed, bird-like, sometimes sensitive and sometimes not. The heroine, played with rather ambiguous sweetness by Jane Wymark, does not tell the professor she is related to the owners of the letters, even when she burns the documents and scatters them, unread, in the sea.

A small fable, then, about "love and privacy" which is telling enough, in days of full frontal publicity. It falters because it is "faithful" to the story, but not to its truth: it lacks the unity given by the first-person narrative; the visual element overcomes the subjective, and detail takes on delusive importance, misleading the unprepared viewer. It is rather like a small boat where the ballast is not properly secured, but bumps around. Finding and holding the narrative focus is obviously the difficulty. In all such translations to film (one realizes how wise John Mortimer was in the still-reverberating *Brideshead*, to keep the unity of a narrator). A good short story is not so much a microcosm as an echo-chamber, an enclosed world, sufficient to itself, and easily falsified, by what has to be seen rather than heard or imagined. This is an attempt of enough depth and delicacy to make one wish the BBC did more of such things.

Candour and insolence

By Dawn Ades

Frida Kahlo and Tina Modotti
Whitechapel Art Gallery

Frida Kahlo and Tina Modotti, at the Whitechapel Art Gallery until May 2, is a small and vivid exhibition of two artists virtually unknown here. As the catalogue points out, they are brought together for a purpose, by juxtaposing the exhibition spaces to compare and contrast their lives and work, and through this to raise wider questions about women, art and politics. It succeeds in a remarkably light-handed way, giving only the essential facts about each artist in two panels at the start, and then leaving the works to speak for themselves.

Some similarities between the two artists are largely self-evident: both are women, and Marxists, involved in the avant-garde and politically active, working in Mexico during the 1920s, a peculiarly vital period in that country's cultural and political history. Both were involved, but only indirectly, in the massive mural schemes initiated under the patronage of the Minister of Education Vasconcelos, to cover the public walls of Mexico City. Tina Modotti was asked to photograph the frescoes of Diego Rivera, Orozco, and others, and a series of these photographs is in the exhibition. In 1929 Frida Kahlo married the already legendary Rivera. He painted both women as revolutionary leaders on a wall in the Ministry of Education (1923-28), where they are seen distributing arms to the people. But neither woman chose to work on this scale herself. Tina Modotti became a photographer; Frida Kahlo looked to the humbler traditions of Mexican folk painting.

But the contrasts between them are more striking than their similarities. Their backgrounds were very different. Frida Kahlo (1907-54) was an intellectual of the bourgeoisie, with a German father and a Mexican mother with Indian blood; she lived in the same house in Coyocacan all her life. Modotti (1896-1942) was from a working-class immigrant family which settled in California. She worked in a textile mill, then married the American poet and painter, Robert Richey. She acted in silent films in Hollywood, then moved with the photographer Edward Weston to Mexico, where they lived together from 1923 to 1926. She joined the Mexican Communist Party and was expelled from Mexico in 1930. Through friends in the Party she found refuge first in Berlin, then in Moscow. She worked, from Moscow, for the International Red Aid in Poland, France and Spain, where she remained throughout the Civil War, finally returning to Mexico in 1938, no again after 1929. In that autumn Rivera was expelled from the Communist Party, and Modotti as a result, renounced her friendship with him. She remained a loyal Party member all her life. Rivera and Kahlo on the other hand identified with the disaffection and Kahlo gave her home to Trotsky when he arrived in Mexico in 1937.

Frida Kahlo's paintings are intensely, sometimes stridently, personal: many are self-portraits. They have two dominant themes: her physical suffering, and the emotional anguish Rivera caused her. She spent much of her life in crippling physical pain, following an accident in 1925 when a tram crashed into her school, smashing her pelvis, spine and foot. It was after this, while in hospital, that she began to paint. Unable to have children, she had operations, and finally her injured arm was amputated shortly before she died in 1954.

One of her most savage paintings is "Childbirth", of 1932. A woman lies alone on a bed in an almost bare room, the top of her body shrouded in white, her legs splayed towards the viewer with the baby's head just forced out. Above the bed hangs a portrait of the Virgin as Mater Dolorosa, with two knives sticking in her neck; on it, the shrouded head lies on a pink pillow laced in white and painted in luxurious detail. This painting does not just draw on the Mexican tradition of *ex-voto* painting - in an ironic sense it actually is one. *Ex-votos* were usually, like this one, painted on tin. They were made as offerings to be hung up in church in gratitude to the Virgin, Christ or a particular saint, who had miraculously saved the giver from accident, or sickness, and who is depicted above the event itself, usually shown in naive and gory detail. There is usually a description below; here, though, because there has been no rescue, there is none - a carefully prepared scroll lies blank along the base of the picture.

In her many self-portraits she shows herself, as she often dressed, in full Mexican costume. That this elaborate dress, partly adopted to mask her crippled body, was also crucially entwined in her relationship with Rivera and her sense of her own sexuality is made clear in "Self-portrait with cropped hair" (painted in 1940 after her divorce from Rivera, to whom she was shortly after remarried). "If I loved you," she inscribes, arranged along the top of the painting like a popular song, "it was for your hair; now that you're bald, I no longer love you." Dressed as a man, Kahlo has disguised herself in terms of conventional feminine appeal by shearing her own head. Vindictive and humorous, she is both resentful martyr and revenging deity. By so thoroughly examining her personal life, Kahlo is posing political questions. The urgently personal becomes part of woman's wider experience in marriage, domesticity, society, work. Her choice of working within the tradition of the small-scale, marginal folk and popular art was closely linked to her sense of herself as a woman. Brotons recognized her capacity to make visible "the mind's private preserves", which she displays "proudly with a mixture of candour and insolence."

Modotti, on the other hand, took refuge behind the objective camera eye: most of her photographs date from her period in Mexico and are compassionately impersonal. Once a model herself, she reversed her relationship with the camera. Initially under the influence of Weston, producing fine close-up studies and even more abstract compositions than he did, she became increasingly absorbed in photographing social conditions and the political life of the country, though she still constructed her photographs with the utmost formal attention. Shortly after arriving in Moscow in 1930 she gave up photography, reverting to it only after her return to Mexico in 1938. Her way of working had been intimately linked to the kind of camera she used - a large, old-fashioned Graflex, in which the image could be seen the size it would finally appear. She found it difficult to adapt to the kind of journalistic or documentary work she felt appropriate to the new conditions under which she was living. When asked why she had abandoned photography, she replied that she could not use the camera when there was so much work to be done. Had the exhibition limited itself to her work alone, we would have no idea what she looked like. However, with understandable licence, several portraits of her by Weston, and stills of her as an actress, are included, and they reveal that she was a great beauty.

The catalogue, 80pp, £6.75, 0 85488 0550, available from Whitechapel Art Gallery, includes texts by Laura Mulvey, Peter Wollen, Tina Modotti, André Breton, Diego Rivera, Pablo Neruda and others.

commentary



Tina Modotti's photograph "Woman from Tehuantepec", 1929, from the exhibition reviewed here.

Art and autocracy

By Kate Flint

Annirenta: Arte e Cultura in Italia
Milan

Dominating the Interior of Milan's Galleria Vittorio Emanuele is a replica of the scaffolding structure which the Fascist regime erected there in 1934 for its own publicity purposes. Accompanied by a car, a transport truck and that favourite Fascist toy, a small aeroplane, it gives an instant material impression of the 1930s. Hung with posters extolling Mussolini, brave patriotism and agricultural production; attacking the Jews and other "degenerates", it intentionally forms, also, the ideological centre of the comprehensive *Annirenta* exhibition. It provides a political statement against which to place the other varied displays.

No aspect of Italian art and culture in the 1930s seems to have been too large or small for inclusion in this show (on until April 30; catalogue, edited by Nadine Bortolotti, Nazzotti, Milan, £6.95p, £25.00). Italy's grandiose dreams of colonial expansion appear in the plans and sketches of East African cities, where long white De Chirico colonnades impose a metaphysical order on the desert. Busts and images of aviators and air-raids, together with paintings executed from the cockpit's tilted vantage point, convey the Fascist excitement at the novel notion of controlling the sky. Reproductions of the murals and gas-reliefs which adorned public buildings show the preoccupation with glories of the Italian mythological and historical past and their reaffirmation with a modern sense of national unity and greatness. Stern figures of justice pose with the old Roman symbols of scales and fasces; depictions of women sucking future Fascists deliberately echo in their poses the iconography of Renaissance mariolatry. The dominating themes of the regime crop up continually, too, in the ephemera of 1930s life: on the covers of school exercise books, in holiday advertisements with their stress on robust healthiness, in the charts of physical jerks for school children and the uniforms of the Fascist youth movements. The cult of the leader, of Mussolini himself was always apparent; his profile superimposed through photomontage on massed groups of his people to show his controlling presence; his voice available in the boxed record collections of his speeches.

It Duce once commented that he did "not know if one could separate the two names of Italy and art". A painter of the 1930s was faced by several choices, as the works on show in the newly renovated gallery underneath the Piazza del Duomo clearly demonstrate. *Outright opposition to the regime could be expressed through political cartoons, violently challenging thematic content - as in Sassu's Spanish subject, the Execution of the Asturian Miners. Or painters could practise the politics of evasion, retreating into quiet landscapes, intimate interiors and pastel portraits. Direct support for Fascism was expressed not just through public murals and monuments, but in the paintings produced in response to the topics set for the official Cremona competition: "Listening to Mussolini on the Radio" or "Italian Youth". Less predictably, however, the regime adopted the Futurist practice should be supported by a revolutionary art form. Not until Mussolini drew closer to Germany in the later 1930s did Italy accept the Nazi equation of abstract art with cultural degeneracy. The interlocking lines and spaces of Lirici and Soldati's constructivist canvases were reproduced in many other design forms, from perfume bottles to architectural facades.*

As the introduction to the impressive catalogue states, to condemn Fascism from a moral and political standpoint does not mean that one should remain ignorant of its characteristic manifestations. In no section of this exhibition, whether fashion or photography, children's comics or clayscapes, can one fail to notice how all kinds of design were relentlessly pressed into the service of the autocratic regime. The very variety of the artefacts on show is the most telling indication of the pervasive nature of Fascist cultural policy.

The National Gallery has just purchased two decorative paintings by the French artist Joseph Parrocel (1646-1704), "The Boar Hunt", an allegory of the continent of Europe, and "The Hawking Party", an allegory of the continent of Asia. They alone survive from a set of allegorical paintings commissioned for Louis XIV and given by him to his son the Comte de Toulouse. Parrocel was celebrated as a battle-painter, but these uncharacteristic and fanciful hunting-scenes foreshadow the work of Watteau and Fragonard. They may be seen in Room 33.

New Oxford books: Literature & Language

The Letters of Alfred Lord Tennyson

Volume 1 1821-1850
Edited by Cecil Y. Lang and Edgar F. Shannon Jr

This is the first volume of a projected three-volume edition of Tennyson's letters - the first ever. In it we have the benefit of the meticulous scholarship we have come to associate with American editors: for certain it will shed a lot of new light on Tennyson and his family. *Observer*. £17.50

The Short Story in English

Walter Allen

This book is one of those rare delights, a work of scholarship which will become invaluable on the reference shelves and a lively account of an enthusiasm. *New Statesman*. "A clear, unpretentious, and well-informed guide to a rich and varied territory." *The Economist*. This important book is now published for the first time in a paperback edition. £4.50

Sun Poem

Edward Kamau Brathwaite

This new book of poems by the distinguished West Indian poet is the second of a sequence launched by *Walter Poem* (1977, £3.50) and which *The Guardian* said: "It has vigour, and the authentic smell of life. It is his best book to date." In *Tribune*, William Ockley wrote: "Read it, and experience something of the struggle of the black man not only for freedom, but to make a new literature of his own." Paperback. £4.95

Schiller and the Historical Character

Lesley Sharpe

Schiller was fascinated by the relationship of the individual as a personality to the complex world of public action, to the movement of history. It is an issue central to an understanding of his historical plays, and in examining it this book throws light on Schiller's historiography and his use of the conditions of the theatre. £12.50 *Oxford Modern Languages and Literature Monographs*

The Medieval German Lyric 1150-1300

The Development of Its Themes and Forms in their European Context

Olive Sayce

This book surveys all aspects of the medieval German lyric, including the didactic and religious lyric, paying particular attention to the manuscript transmission, metrical form, and the relationship with the medieval Latin and the Old Provençal and Old French lyric. Illustrative passages in each language are translated and there is an appendix of poets' names, a list of the main manuscripts, and a glossary of technical terms. £35. 20 April

Oxford University Press



V.S. Pritchett Collected Stories

Incomparably finest short story writer of our time. *Observer*
07011 3904 8 636pp
June £12.50

David Malouf Child's Play

with Eustace and The Prowler
A chilling tale of modern terrorism, with two short stories, from the leading Australian author.
07011 3902 1 224pp
May £5.50

Brian Martin John Henry Newman His Life and Work

Arguably the most controversial ecclesiastical figure since the Reformation, Cardinal Newman is the subject of this illuminating study which combines biography with an assessment of his theological and literary achievements.
07011 2588 8 160pp
Illustrated May £8.95

Keith Christiansen Gentile da Fabriano

In this extensively illustrated study of Gentile, the first in English, the author restores the painter to his rightful position as one of the innovators of early fifteenth-century Italian painting.
07011 2468 7 208pp
86pp monochrome and 4pp colour plates June £8.50

John Hartley Williams Hidden Identities

Drawing on both modernist and traditional techniques, this first collection of poems displays the author's own very special identity.
07011 2623 X 64pp
P.L.P. Paperback June £3.95

CHARTER WINDUS

Bellicose bel canto

By Julian Budden

1 Puritani
Dominion Theatre

Another neglected masterpiece reclaimed for the repertoire? After this performance by the Welsh National Opera one was tempted to think so. While recognized as one of the three Bellini operas (the other two are *La Sonnambula* and *La Traviata*), *Puritani* has always stood lower in favour than *Norma* and *La Sonnambula*. The composer's last opera, written in the year of his death for the Théâtre des Italiens in Paris in 1835, it contains some of his finest and most characteristic music; it is composed with a rare attention to detail, for a critical French public; it is more inventive in its scoring and harmony than Bellini's previous work; and it shows a subtle use of thematic recall at key points. On the debit side there is a clumsily built libretto written by the inexperienced Count Pepoli; for Bellini and quarrel with his old collaborator Felice Romani after the fiasco of their *Bernice di Teuda* two years earlier in Venice. From his letters we learn of Bellini's struggles with Pepoli to force him into writing the kind of poetry suited to a lyric drama ("Engrave on your forehead in letters of adamant: in opera you must make people weep and be terrified and die through singing"). Bellini was no intellectual; but he had a sure sense of artistic purpose. The ending of Act II with its unrelenting switch from grief and compassion to military bravado makes no logical sense, but it winds up the scene magnificently and restores the balance of an act otherwise labouring under a weight of slow, sad music.

Puritan paradoxes

By David Nokes

John Bunyan: Prisoner of Conscience
Upstream Theatre

We have grown increasingly accustomed to the vocal histrionics of born-again evangelists and charismatic sects. It is a refreshing and revealing experience to hear again the spiritual professions of one of the most influential Christian enthusiasts, Richard Burrows, whose one-man show, *John Bunyan: Prisoner of Conscience* was first produced at the Edinburgh Festival, presents Bunyan as a softly spoken and articulate man. His is a kinetic evangelism that swings like a pendulum between hopes and fears, while gravitating steadily towards the still centre of

faith. The stage at the Upstream Theatre is austere and intimate, and theatrical effects are minimal. Yet Burrows successfully recreates the moral convictions and simple persuasiveness of Bunyan's prose in this stark setting.

The first part of the production is taken entirely from *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*. No occasion too trivial, to provide an in the Bedfordshire meadows. Bunyan may be extending the sting from a stunned adder, or merely playing a quiet game of tip-cat when he hears the voice of Christ admonishing him, or the voice of the devil, tempting him. Burrows has a mobile, sensual face, that carries conviction when he speaks of tasting the sweets of sin. He dramatizes for

us, in tiny spots of light, Bunyan's allegorical landscape: the mountain-tops, prison walls and the Golden City of the saved. He offers a moving evocation of a Christian conscience constantly torn between the joys of revelation and the miseries of despair.

The second part of the production, which presents Bunyan's own account of his imprisonment during the Restoration, is less successful. The recollection of interrogations inevitably lacks the immediacy of a direct dramatization. This material might have been more effectively adapted as a two-hander, with Bunyan, like St Joan, confronting his accusers face to face. One is left with a memorable sense of those puritan paradoxes, the self-confidence that comes from self-denial, and the pilgrim's pride in his humility.

Author, Author

male slippers, which made her drag her feet as she walked.

3 She dressed usually in Indian style but like his children when they were small - confusing the Eastern and Western varieties. She wore indiscriminately paisley-bedspread shifts, embroidered velvet slippers, fringed cowhide vests and moccasins, strings of temple bells, earls, shell beads, sandals and leather pants were loose in the ankle and tight in the ass.

Competition No 63
No possible solutions were received. Answer:

1 She was a superb specimen of a fat girl; and in a glow of orange ribbons and red hair, she commanded admiration.

George Moore, *A Djinn in Muslim*
2 Mr. ... being a flabby gentleman with a mole on his face, and eyes so much too small for his moon of a face, that they seemed to have been originally made for somebody else, was not, at first sight, prepossessing.

Charles Dickens, *Bleak House* (Mr Ousher)

3 ... got out of the bus backwards. No amount of practice ever made her more agile; the trouble she had with her big bulk amused everyone, and herself. Gripping the handles each side of the bus door so tightly that the seams of her gloves cracked, she lowered herself cautiously, like a climber, while her feet, overlapping her smart shoes, ungracefully scrambled at each step. One or two people asked why the bus made, for one passenger, such a "long, dead stop. But on the whole she was famous on this line, for she was constantly in and out of town. The conductor, walking behind her, smiling, holding her basket, arms wide to catch her if she should slip. Elizabeth Bowen, *A Queen Heart* (Mrs Cadman).

The British Comparative Literature Association has announced its first annual Translation Prize competition, for English translations of poetry, fiction, drama or literary prose, from any language. Further details may be had from Professor Arthur Perry, Secretary, British Comparative Literature Association, Dept. of Literature, University of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester, CO3 3SQ.

Suicide of doubt

By Harold Hobson

In the Seventh Circle
New Half Moon Theatre

Huxley calculated that two elephants, if they were created by God at the beginning of things, would by the middle of the nineteenth century have had fifteen million descendants. But Robert Fitzroy, Vice-Admiral, formerly Commander-in-Chief and Governor of New Zealand, Fellow of the Royal Society, defender of Maoris (and therefore hated by the relatives of all those whom the Maoris had massacred), Conservative MP for Durham, secretary of the Lifeboat Society, and the world's greatest authority on the coastline of Argentina, knew better. The correct figure was nineteen million. As Charles Lewsen's Robert Fitzroy utters this triumphant proof of the unreliability of all those who believe in the theory of evolution, which is contrary to the specific word of God as set forth in the Book of Genesis, a serene smile spreads over his face, and he gazes at the audience around him, certain of their approval of his irrefutable logic.

It is the only moment of peace known to Fitzroy throughout Lewsen's intellectually tormented and horrifically powerful performance, during which an open cut-throat razor is never far from his hand and neck. There are moments when one shivers with apprehension at the prospect of the silt flesh and the spurting blood; but the final act of self-slaughter, the crime which in Fitzroy's belief would consign him to the seventh circle of hell, but which would nevertheless free him from the memory of irreparable sin, is, when it comes at last, committed with dignity, restraint, and a sense of purification and fulfilled repentance. Lewsen merely holds round his neck a thin red ribbon, and bows gravely and quietly to us who are watching him. The effect of awe and pity is very great; and none of us knows to what red hell his slightest soul may stray. The Victorians took no such tremendous view of Fitzroy's suicide. They ascribed it to exhaustion of mind and body brought about by his labours on the shores of the Argentine. But Lewsen (rather more convincingly than Fitzroy in his supposition concerning elephants) also knows better than this. It was Fitzroy who had introduced into the world's organism the "contagion" of Charles Darwin.

Five years earlier Darwin had published *The Origin of Species*, and the captain of the ship H.M.S. Beagle, on which he had made his great voyage of discovery, had been Fitzroy. Fitzroy, a naturalist of distinction, had assisted Darwin in his searches, and even collaborated with him in the writing of a book. He was a vain, arrogant, and violent man both his grandfathers had been dukes; and when a Mr Sheppard knocked him down in front of the United Services Club, Mr Lewsen is his new solo play transfers this bearing spirit and intensity of emotion into the realm of religion. Fitzroy almost believes that it is himself who has blasphemously up evolution to wreck the whole edifice of Christianity. With a wild and desperate face he bursts into the thunderous rhetoric of eternal damnation. In vain he murmurs the tremendous words "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth", but the solemn phrases that comforted Sydney Carton as he tramped the streets of Paris the night before he faced the guillotine bring no reassurance to Fitzroy. In Lewsen's quite stupendous performance Fitzroy's terrors are not removed, and his anguish of soul is not assuaged.

He makes frantic attempts to destroy with reason what reason itself asserts; his mad conviction that the mountains of Patagonia prove the historicity of the Flood and the reality of the Ark is almost demonic.

Yet, given his assumptions (and philosophers are agreed that cannot be proved no philosophy can exist) it needs an extremely agile brain to perceive the errors and lacunae in his tortuous and agonized logic. But though he uses reason in a dazzling fluency of words, it is not reason, but emotion, that sways him, and causes him to adopt a method of escape more spiritually damning even than the unforgivable sin he supposes himself to have committed.

There are those who despise the frivolity of the West End stage. In the *Seventh Circle* will abundantly satisfy both them and many more. The reason for this does not lie only in the strength of Lewsen's performance, but in the fact that our position is the same as his, only still more acute. He lived in a world that was losing faith in religion; we live in a world that has largely lost faith in everything. Recent events have made many people doubt the alchemy of medicine, and the solid base of the validity of science itself has been shaken since Balfour wrote his *Defence of Philosophic Doubt*. Lewsen draws our attention to what such a condition of unbelief may lead to, if it is felt in its extremest form. Fitzroy committed suicide, and it is not impossible that humanity may do the same.

In May Lewsen takes *In the Seventh Circle* to Gian Carlo Menotti's Festival at Charleston in South Carolina, and then to the Tel Aviv Festival.

neither this nor any other reason for her preference. One can't settle these matters simply by claiming that supporters of a different reading are blinded by an awed and irrational attachment to the familiar.

FRANK KERMODE.
King's College, Cambridge.

'No Alternative'
Sir, - J. L. Houlden's suggestion, in his review of *No Alternative*, edited by David Martin and Peter Mullen (April 9), that a good clergyman can put over a shaky text, as a good actor may put over an unreadable play, is a frank if cynical contribution to the Prayer Book controversy.

C. H. SISON.
Moorfield Cottage, The Hill, Langport, Somerset.

The Ethics of Abortion
Sir, - An interesting test of the effectiveness of the TLS in bridging the gap between the two cultures will be the amount of correspondence you receive commenting on the letter from M. W. Helgeson under the heading 'The Ethics of Abortion' (January 29). Helgeson asks, "Can Summer name any organism studied by parasitologists that lives on or in a host of its own species?" Disregarding as irrelevant his stricture "studied by parasitologists", the zoological literature offers several examples of this precise situation. An especially apt example is supplied by the deep sea angler fishes of the family Ceratiidae, which are "unique among the vertebrates in the fact that the males of many of them ... are dwarfs in size as compared with the females and live parasitically attached to the females by their heads" (Bigelow and Schroeder, *Fishes of the Gulf of Maine*, 1953, p. 542 - emphasis added). These males, having vestigial alimentary canals, are truly parasites in that they draw all their nourishment from the female. No sexism is involved in the use of "parasitism" in this context; ichthyologists have been predominantly male, and the term describes simply a kind of relationship, without pejorative undertones.

VAUGHAN T. BOWEN.
6 Maury Lane, PO Box 94, Woods Hole, MA 02543.

'The White Hotel'
Sir, - That element of *The White Hotel* which has been most neglected, namely the prophetic nature of Lisa Erdman's symptoms, is the central, unifying thread, and it is only by ignoring it that David Frost (Letters, April 9) is able to support his view of the book's disunity.

I fail to see how D. M. Thomas's so-called evasiveness with regard to whether Freud was right or wrong about Lisa reveals the case-study to be a mere useful link between two parts rather than an essential ingredient of the whole. The case-study cannot possibly be "right" since it is based only on what is known, or seemed known, about Lisa at the time, whereas her symptoms relate to her future as well as her past. Subsequent events reveal the inevitable shortcomings of psychoanalysis, but Freud's concern for the individual remains as a pointer to what is most valuable in the human spirit, in contrast to the mass dehumanization which led to Babii Yar. ("If a Sigmund Freud had been listening and taking notes from the time of Adam, he would still not fully have explored even a single group, even a single person.")

David Frost also contends that, since the first section of Lisa's poem was published previously as a poem in its own right, its appearance in the novel, where it is "clearly a product of sickness", is further evidence of Thomas's opportunistic use of disparate elements. In answer to this I would point out, first, the fact that

A Céline Translation

Sir, - M. J. Tilby, in his interesting piece (April 2) on the letters of Céline to J. H. P. Marks, his English translator, mentions Céline's "satisfaction with Marks's translation" and calls this "an intelligent assessment".

Is it possible that Tilby has done as little checking of Marks's version of *Voyage au bout de la nuit* as Céline himself must have done? The novel in Marks's English teems with queer-speak, gobbledegook and howlers. Let one example out of hundreds suffice:

... the papers of a father of six children who had died, so she said, of a disease of the anus; she suggested I might find them useful. (Penguin edition, p. 54)

This nonsense is Marks's attempt at: ... le livret d'un père de famille de six enfants, qu'était mort qu'elle disait, et qu'elle pouvait me servir, à cause des effluents de l'arrière.

Livre de poche, (p. 67)
Baldersdahl of that sort appears on most of Marks's pages. He thought *mer* meant "to roast"; a *salade* he calls "a scamp"; he translates *viol* as "thief". Also, the year being 1934, remember, Céline's racism comes in Marks as the most ludicrous verbal squeamishness or in lengthy expurgations.

Céline was blood and thunder; Marks is thud and blunder.

JAMES GRIEVE.
Humanities Research Centre, The Australian National University, Canberra, Australia.

Wallace Stevens

Sir, - In his contribution to your symposium on plagiarism (April 9) Harold Bloom discusses a variant reading in the text of Wallace Stevens's poem "Of Mere Being". The text as given in *Opus Posthumus* (1957) reads: "The palm at the end of the mind, / Beyond the last thought, rises / In the bronze distance." Professor Bloom appears to be saying that the reading of Holly Stevens in her authoritative selection, *The Palm at the End of the Mind* (1972), is indisputably correct: she reads "In the bronze decor". He seems to think that a preference for the reading in *Opus Posthumus* indicates an idolatrous attachment to the version one knew first.

The poem is one of the last and most powerful of Stevens's works, so the issue is not trivial. As one who imperitously prefers *distance* to *decor*, I should like Mr Stevens or Professor Bloom to give some reasons for their choice. Mr Stevens provides a note saying that "decor" is the word appearing in the original typescript, and has been restored "here". But this tells us nothing about the relation of that typescript to the one used as copy by Samuel French Morse, the editor of *Opus Posthumus*. (As usual with Stevens, neither word looks like a typist's error, and one of them must have been struck out in favour of the other. But if Mr Stevens is using "original" to imply that *decor* was the earlier version, it follows that *distance* is right, and ought not to have been supplanted. Positive argument of another kind might be adduced in favour of *distance*, but at this stage it would seem that *decor* is the reading that requires defence.

Since Holly Stevens's text has substantive importance it might be worth adding that the addition of the word *decor* in "The Palm of Ulysses", VII, 8, also seems contestable. In "Cemetery", XXVI, she is, I think, to be as familiar with Baudelaire and Karl Marx and Darwin as with Whitman and Ibsen, then unknown to most English readers. He seems to be feeling out for Ibsen's Third Kingdom, a new idea of human life only possible through a union of the old Hellenic and Christian ideas, giving free play to a man's complex emotional activities and to his deepest instincts.

to the editor

neither this nor any other reason for her preference. One can't settle these matters simply by claiming that supporters of a different reading are blinded by an awed and irrational attachment to the familiar.

FRANK KERMODE.
King's College, Cambridge.

'No Alternative'
Sir, - J. L. Houlden's suggestion, in his review of *No Alternative*, edited by David Martin and Peter Mullen (April 9), that a good clergyman can put over a shaky text, as a good actor may put over an unreadable play, is a frank if cynical contribution to the Prayer Book controversy.

C. H. SISON.
Moorfield Cottage, The Hill, Langport, Somerset.

The Ethics of Abortion

Sir, - An interesting test of the effectiveness of the TLS in bridging the gap between the two cultures will be the amount of correspondence you receive commenting on the letter from M. W. Helgeson under the heading 'The Ethics of Abortion' (January 29). Helgeson asks, "Can Summer name any organism studied by parasitologists that lives on or in a host of its own species?" Disregarding as irrelevant his stricture "studied by parasitologists", the zoological literature offers several examples of this precise situation. An especially apt example is supplied by the deep sea angler fishes of the family Ceratiidae, which are "unique among the vertebrates in the fact that the males of many of them ... are dwarfs in size as compared with the females and live parasitically attached to the females by their heads" (Bigelow and Schroeder, *Fishes of the Gulf of Maine*, 1953, p. 542 - emphasis added). These males, having vestigial alimentary canals, are truly parasites in that they draw all their nourishment from the female. No sexism is involved in the use of "parasitism" in this context; ichthyologists have been predominantly male, and the term describes simply a kind of relationship, without pejorative undertones.

VAUGHAN T. BOWEN.
6 Maury Lane, PO Box 94, Woods Hole, MA 02543.

'The White Hotel'

Sir, - That element of *The White Hotel* which has been most neglected, namely the prophetic nature of Lisa Erdman's symptoms, is the central, unifying thread, and it is only by ignoring it that David Frost (Letters, April 9) is able to support his view of the book's disunity.

I fail to see how D. M. Thomas's so-called evasiveness with regard to whether Freud was right or wrong about Lisa reveals the case-study to be a mere useful link between two parts rather than an essential ingredient of the whole. The case-study cannot possibly be "right" since it is based only on what is known, or seemed known, about Lisa at the time, whereas her symptoms relate to her future as well as her past. Subsequent events reveal the inevitable shortcomings of psychoanalysis, but Freud's concern for the individual remains as a pointer to what is most valuable in the human spirit, in contrast to the mass dehumanization which led to Babii Yar. ("If a Sigmund Freud had been listening and taking notes from the time of Adam, he would still not fully have explored even a single group, even a single person.")

David Frost also contends that, since the first section of Lisa's poem was published previously as a poem in its own right, its appearance in the novel, where it is "clearly a product of sickness", is further evidence of Thomas's opportunistic use of disparate elements. In answer to this I would point out, first, the fact that

to the editor

poetry is often slow to reveal its full designs on its author (the evolution of *The Waste Land* from disparate earlier poems and fragments is a case in point) and, second, that the novel questions, in its very fabric, whether hysteria can be treated as a sickness only (a question which must be as old as hysteria itself). Lisa is surely not intended to be "typical or representative of the European psyche" so much as one of its antennae, her desperate erotic fantasies being both symptomatic of a deeply disturbed society which gives more substance to its enemies than to its loves, and prophetic of the outcome of such disturbance, in this case at Babii Yar. As for the suggestion that the "Garden of Eden" could be a first "prose draft" of the poem, the integrity of the poem's rhythms and rhymes should be enough to discredit such a view of its origin.

By focusing on the obscure links between the individual human psyche and mass, the most urgent issue of all in his own way, and the real account of a real witness is necessary. Babii Yar must remain beyond the pale of "imaginative re-creation" so long as we retain any humanity, but openness to the suggestion that fantasy and reality do not operate in isolation from each other is fundamental to an understanding of the novel, and Thomas is careful to point us in the right direction by means of the Yeatsian epigraph.

My admiration for *The White Hotel* is not entirely without reservations, but I would defend it as a scrupulous attempt to explore the relationship between repression and brutality, a relationship which is itself composed of disparate elements, which looks different from different angles, at different times, and which Thomas has approached accordingly.

SYLVIA KANTARIS.
14 Osborne Parc, Helston, Cornwall.

Hellenistic Poetry

Sir, - Jasper Griffin's review of my *Poetry and Myth in Ancient Pastoral: Essays on Theocritus and Virgil* (April 2) contains some misleading inaccuracies. He writes, "... it is striking, too, that Segal virtually disregards the rest of extant Hellenistic poetry; the name of Callimachus hardly occurs." The book is provided with an index. The entry for Callimachus (p. 341) lists seventeen references.

MARK ABLEY was the winner of the 1979 Fiona Mee prize for literary Journalism in Canada.

DAWN ADER'S *Photomontage* was published in 1979.

REYNER BANHAM's most recent book, *Design By Choice*, was published last year.

NICOLAS BARKER is Head of Conservation at the British Library.

JOHN BARNARD is the editor of *John Keats: The Complete Poems*, 1973.

SIMON BLACKBURN is the author of *Reason and Prediction*, 1972.

ARCHIE BROWN is a Fellow of St Antony's College, Oxford.

ALAN BROWNHOOD's most recent collection of poems is *A Night in the Gazebo*, 1981.

JULIAN BUDDEN's third volume of *The Operas of Verdi: from Don Carlos to Falstaff* was published last year.

PAUL CARTLEDGE is the author of *Spain and Laconia: A Regional History 1300-362*, 1979.

BARRY CUNLIFFE's books include *Iron Age Communities in Britain*, 1974, and *Hengistbury Head*, 1978.

MALCOLM DEAS is a Fellow of St Antony's College, Oxford.

to the editor

poetry is often slow to reveal its full designs on its author (the evolution of *The Waste Land* from disparate earlier poems and fragments is a case in point) and, second, that the novel questions, in its very fabric, whether hysteria can be treated as a sickness only (a question which must be as old as hysteria itself). Lisa is surely not intended to be "typical or representative of the European psyche" so much as one of its antennae, her desperate erotic fantasies being both symptomatic of a deeply disturbed society which gives more substance to its enemies than to its loves, and prophetic of the outcome of such disturbance, in this case at Babii Yar. As for the suggestion that the "Garden of Eden" could be a first "prose draft" of the poem, the integrity of the poem's rhythms and rhymes should be enough to discredit such a view of its origin.

By focusing on the obscure links between the individual human psyche and mass, the most urgent issue of all in his own way, and the real account of a real witness is necessary. Babii Yar must remain beyond the pale of "imaginative re-creation" so long as we retain any humanity, but openness to the suggestion that fantasy and reality do not operate in isolation from each other is fundamental to an understanding of the novel, and Thomas is careful to point us in the right direction by means of the Yeatsian epigraph.

My admiration for *The White Hotel* is not entirely without reservations, but I would defend it as a scrupulous attempt to explore the relationship between repression and brutality, a relationship which is itself composed of disparate elements, which looks different from different angles, at different times, and which Thomas has approached accordingly.

SYLVIA KANTARIS.
14 Osborne Parc, Helston, Cornwall.

Hellenistic Poetry

Sir, - Jasper Griffin's review of my *Poetry and Myth in Ancient Pastoral: Essays on Theocritus and Virgil* (April 2) contains some misleading inaccuracies. He writes, "... it is striking, too, that Segal virtually disregards the rest of extant Hellenistic poetry; the name of Callimachus hardly occurs." The book is provided with an index. The entry for Callimachus (p. 341) lists seventeen references.

MARK ABLEY was the winner of the 1979 Fiona Mee prize for literary Journalism in Canada.

DAWN ADER'S *Photomontage* was published in 1979.

REYNER BANHAM's most recent book, *Design By Choice*, was published last year.

NICOLAS BARKER is Head of Conservation at the British Library.

JOHN BARNARD is the editor of *John Keats: The Complete Poems*, 1973.

SIMON BLACKBURN is the author of *Reason and Prediction*, 1972.

ARCHIE BROWN is a Fellow of St Antony's College, Oxford.

ALAN BROWNHOOD's most recent collection of poems is *A Night in the Gazebo*, 1981.

JULIAN BUDDEN's third volume of *The Operas of Verdi: from Don Carlos to Falstaff* was published last year.

PAUL CARTLEDGE is the author of *Spain and Laconia: A Regional History 1300-362*, 1979.

BARRY CUNLIFFE's books include *Iron Age Communities in Britain*, 1974, and *Hengistbury Head*, 1978.

MALCOLM DEAS is a Fellow of St Antony's College, Oxford.

of which sixteen occur in the Theocritus section of the volume. A rough count of other extant Hellenistic poetry (Alexandrian Erotic Fragments, Apollonius, Aratus, Asclepiades, Bion, Moschus, Nicander, Philetas, etc.) turns up over thirty separate citations, excluding references in footnotes.

In the same paragraph Mr Griffin considers it a damaging omission that "the rest of (Theocritus) productions, with the exception of Idyll 2, is hardly mentioned". The "exception" should have also extended to the ten pages on the non-pastoral Idylls 13 and 22 (pp 54-65), the Epigrams (pp 336-39), and the concern expressed in a number of places for the unity of "poetic sensibility spanning both the bucolic Idylls and the so-called Epylla" (p. 47; of pp 20, 218, 226). The index lists discussions of other non-pastoral Idylls (excluding *spuria*) in thirty-four places.

Although a collection of separate essays on Theocritus and Virgil's pastoral poetry cannot do justice to the entire Theocritean corpus, to nothing of its relation to other Hellenistic literature, none the less the subjects which Mr Griffin alleges to constitute a damaging omission are in fact "mentioned" on an average higher than one out of every three pages.

CHARLES SEGAL.
Department of Classics, Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island.

A Traherne Manuscript

Sir, - I was surprised to read the claim by Douglas Chambers (Letters, March 26) that "there are now, however, doubts about the genuineness of the Osborn manuscript of Traherne's *Select Meditations*". Of the five or six scholars of seventeenth-century literature who have examined the complete manuscript in detail, none has, to my knowledge, expressed the slightest doubt that the work is by Traherne. The internal evidence for his authorship is overwhelming. What has been called into question (for I myself raised the question) is the handwriting, which differs entirely from the hand displayed in the manuscript of Traherne's *Centuries*, and in other Bodleian manuscripts accepted as written in Traherne's hand. The difficulty lies in the fact that the manuscript of *Select Meditations* is written throughout in a small italic, whereas

Now, such a requirement may seem perfectly reasonable; but for one poet at least it seems equally reasonable to ask "And what about the Scottish language?" What, after all, would the curriculum book like if he knocked out Douglas, Dunbar, Burns, Drummond, Ferguson, Henryson, MacDiamid and Stevenson? Not nagging, I agree, but certainly contracted.

Do all Scots poets have to declare UDI? Or is it that the Arts Council of Great Britain have never heard of Caledonia?

Was there not, at some time or other, I believe, something entitled an Act of Union? Or did that not contain a relevant clause covering literary competitions?

WILLIAM S. MILNE.
32 Donerale Street, London SW6.

DAVID NOKES is a lecturer in English at King's College, London.

FRANK O'GORMAN is Senior Lecturer in History at the University of Manchester.

P. J. PARISH is the author of *The American Civil War, 1975*, and *Slavery: the Many Faces of a Southern Institution*, 1981.

STUART PIGOTT's books include *Ruins in a Landscape*, 1977, and *Antiquity Deceived*, 1978.

MARTIN ROBERTSON is the author of *A History of Greek Art*, 1975, and *A Shorter History of Greek Art*, 1981.

BRIAN SOUTHAM is Managing Director of the Athlone Press.

GEORGE SZIRTES's most recent collection of poems, *November and May*, was published in 1981.

PAUL TAYLOR is a lecturer in English at Balliol College, Oxford.

DENNIS WALPOLE is a lecturer in English at the Open University.

ANNE WHITMARSH is the author of *Simone de Beauvoir and the Limits of Commitment*, 1981.

Among this week's contributors

ANTHONY DELIUS's most recent novel is *Border*, 1977.

ERNEST GELLNER is Professor of Philosophy at the London School of Economics. His most recent book is *Muslim Society*, 1981.

JULIE HANKEY's theatre-historical edition of *Richard III* was published last year.

KENNETH INGHAM is Professor of History at the University of Bristol.

GABRIEL JOSIPOVICH's most recent novel, *The Air We Breathe*, was published last year.

JULIE KAVANAGH is Reviews Editor

Various shades of Red

By Archie Brown

NOGDAN SZAJKOWSKI (Editor):
Marxist Governments
A World Survey
3 Volumes. 939pp. Macmillan. £50.
0 333 2669 3

Only the politically paranoid would see the diversity and argument within the international communist movement, and the great differences among the policies pursued by a variety of states claiming to be Marxist, as part of a gigantic plot to lull non-communists into a false sense of security. The differences, which are real, present problems of a different sort. Though it is possible to find a number of features which are common to many communist states, it is becoming increasingly difficult to select those which are common to all.

One could make a case for saying that the common denominator is professed adherence to Marxism-Leninism, but there was a time in the Soviet Union when Stalinism, far from being a pejorative term, was accorded a status not inferior to that of Marxism and Leninism, and it is not so long ago that in China "Mao Zedong Thought", understood as the definitive statement of Marxism to Chinese conditions, was raised on a pedestal higher than that of Leninism.

One could rest one's case on the type of political and economic relations to be found within the society and define a communist state in terms, first, of "the leading role of the party" (that is to say, a party recognized as communist within the international communist movement, even though it may bear a name other than "Communist Party"); second, of intra-party relations which concentrate a great deal of power within the highest party organs and in the full-time professional party apparatus at all levels (to describe which party officials have appropriated the term "democratic centralism", even though in principle, but rarely in practice, that concept includes not only a willingness on the part of higher echelons within the party to listen to the views of lower echelons but also the ability of the latter to hold the former responsible for their actions and to call them to account); and, third, public or, at any rate, non-capitalist ownership of the means of production (with exceptions sometimes made for agriculture, but not for industrial production).

Even these three defining characteristics do not, however, hold good for all communist systems at all times. There have been shifts of power within the systems so that at one time a dictatorial leader may wield a power superior to that of the party apparatus and may subordinate the party itself to other agencies wielding coercive power. Thus, as no less an authority than Nikita Khrushchev testified in his "secret speech" to the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party, seventy per cent of the members of the Central Committee elected at the Seventeenth Congress of the party "were arrested and shot (mostly in 1937-38)". That period, in which the security forces, responsible to Stalin personally and to his secretariat, enjoyed a power superior to the party, cannot meaningfully be defined, in terms of "the leading role of the party". Neither is the supreme authority of the party the most obvious feature of China during the "Cultural Revolution", nor of Poland in the immediate aftermath of the imposition of martial law.

Most of the countries with which the three-volume *Marxist Governments: A World Survey* is concerned would be readily identified as "communist states" by Western observers. But conscious of the difficulties involved in drawing demarcation lines here - when does a communist state become, or cease to be, a communist state? - the editor, Nogdan Szajkowski, has settled for "Marxist governments". What the countries have in common is that they are ruled by self-proclaimed Marxists, and this self-assertion is adopted as the basic criterion of inclusion within the group of states to be surveyed.

In an introductory chapter, Michael Waller and Szajkowski emphasize the importance of a "shared rhetoric", but shift their ground somewhat when they place actual stress upon communism as a movement. Allegiance to an international communist movement, notwithstanding the very great differences of view within it, is one objective criterion for describing a party or state as "communist", but adherence to this "movement" is far from being synonymous with adherence to Marxism, since there are not only different tendencies within the international communist movement, but also different movements within Marxism, some of which reject that international communist movement to which (for all their differences), China, Yugoslavia and Cuba still adhere.

Thus, to prefer the adjective "Marxist" to "communist" or to "Marxist-Leninist" as a way of classifying régimes (though Waller and Szajkowski sometimes use the second and third terms as if they were synonymous with the first) raises at least as many problems as it solves. Few reasonably well-informed observers would be happy to accept as democratic every political régime which claimed to be "democratic" (and which would include, to take but two examples, Stalin's Russia and Pol Pot's Kampuchea).

Indeed, the editorial view of "Marxist" governments is questioned in the second chapter of the first volume by one of the contributors, Neil Harding, who explicitly asks: "What does it mean to call a régime Marxist?" Harding argues that "a Marxist régime cannot simply be characterized in terms of the goals it professes. There is, to put it at its most extreme, something very odd about the emergence of a self-styled Marxist régime as a result of a shift of political allegiance within a small sector of an army's officer corps in a country where subsistence agriculture is the overwhelmingly preponderant mode of production". In such a régime, he aptly suggests, "Marxism may well become merely a convenient rhetoric of legitimization for Jacobins, populists, nationalists or tyrants".

Waller and Szajkowski are not only rather more inclined to take at face value the "shared rhetoric" of Marxism, they also on occasion get carried away by it. Thus, Roger Garaudy is quoted with approval as saying that Marxism "has as its universal vocation to be rooted in the culture of every people". This unverifiable, and indeed mystical, belief seems to bear little relationship to what has actually happened in most communist states. Marxism has been at times transformed, at times transmuted and most commonly simply ignored - at least by the mass of the people; what it has not become is rooted in the culture of every people.

It may, of course, be said that it is also possible that a beast will rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns a crown - but that, too, is a species of religious belief. The empirical study of communist states provides little more solid ground for supposing that Marxism is on its way to becoming rooted in the culture of every people than for imagining that Enver Hoxha is the best of Revelations.

The occasional flight of fancy notwithstanding, Waller and Szajkowski's study is a substantial work of a stimulating and lively sort. Much of what they say on, for example, the comparative study of communism would command broad assent, though some of it is more debatable. Thus, in arguing against a Soviet-centred study of communist systems, they rightly point out that "the Soviet Union's authority is under rather substantial attack" from other ruling

parties, from non-ruling parties, which traditionally have supported the Soviet Union's policies and imitated its organisational patterns, and from the Trotskyist Left". But the Soviet Union's power in the world today and its authority in the international communist movement is so great that, even for those non-ruling parties (such as the Italian or Spanish) or ruling parties (such as the Yugoslav or Chinese) who have criticized the Soviet model and who have attempted to develop alternative policies and (to a more limited extent) alternative organizational patterns, the issue of how they relate to the Soviet Union is still for them a matter of prime importance. This being so, it would be premature for academic observers to play down the immense significance of the Soviet Union within that movement.

Waller and Szajkowski are right to draw attention to the importance of the movement and to argue the case for examining the non-ruling communist parties in association with the study of communist states. (They have, moreover, practised what they preach, for since the publication of *Marxist Governments: A World Survey*, the first issue of a new quarterly journal, *Communist Affairs: Documents and Analysis*, under Szajkowski's editorship and with Waller as chairman of the editorial board, has appeared. This useful periodical includes not only interesting materials emanating from communist states but also some of the more important documents produced by non-ruling parties.) Non-ruling parties can hardly avoid taking a position on what is happening in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, and, as the recent exchange of acerbities between the Soviet Communist Party and the Italian Communist Party over martial law in Poland illustrates, the Soviet Union may feel impelled to respond.

While correctly stressing the diversity of the international communist movement as a whole and the "phenomenal variety" of the non-ruling parties, Waller and Szajkowski seek to find the common thread which tenuously holds the movement together and stress in that connection the element of common beliefs. As they put it:

the distinction which is so obvious in Western political science between a ruling party and a non-ruling one is by no means so obvious within the logic of communist politics. In terms of the structures and functions of existing political systems the distinction is capital; in terms of the shared goals and cosmology it is much less substantial.

It should, however, be added that the apparently "shared goals" and "shared cosmology" of the ruling parties of the world can obscure more than they reveal. There is a very great difference between joining a communist party within a hostile social environment (in extreme cases an illegal and persecuted party) and joining a communist party which plays, and is guaranteed, the "leading and guiding role" within a society, and membership of which opens doors to promotion and privilege.

A recent sociological survey in Hungary found that young party members were on average more favourably disposed towards greater inequality within the society than the average non-party member in the same age group. It would be surprising, to say the least, if young Communist Party members in Western Europe were to be found to be distinguished from their peer group by their more critical attitude towards egalitarianism. A ruling party within an established communist system is, indeed, joined by some people who would be communists within capitalist systems. But it is also joined by those who in a liberal, social democratic, conservative or right-wing nationalist party, as well as by those who would not join any party at all where such membership conferred no personal advantages.

If it is allegiance to Marxism in general, rather than adherence to the

international communist movement, which we have in mind, the differences in goals and world outlook become still more marked. I clearly recall the reaction of a Soviet intellectual after he had had the singular experience of engaging in a long discussion with a young Western Marxist (non-communist) revolutionary. He told me that he felt as if he had been transported in a time machine and that for the first time in his life he knew what many of the revolutionaries in Imperial Russia must have been like. It was, he said, extraordinarily interesting to listen to the views and to understand the thought processes of such a person "for it is impossible to find anyone in the Soviet Union like that".

For certain purposes, it is worth embracing in the same study non-ruling and ruling communist parties; their political and ideological relations and their organizational links, however tenuous, are matters of some significance. It is at best of much milder interest to see how the ruling and non-ruling communist parties relate to the incredibly heterogeneous Marxist heritage (not "movement") as a whole. However, the more that is learnt about the membership of ruling communist parties, the less one is likely to find in common not only between one ruling party and another (since part of the traditionally dominant political culture of each society in time rubs off on the ruling party) but also between the goals and cosmology of members of ruling parties in one party states and those who join non-ruling communist parties and thereby attract, in varying degree, the odium inseparable from a radical attack on the existing structure of power and privilege.

Waller and Szajkowski's provocative introduction raises, as will be apparent, even broader issues than those dealt with in the remaining chapters of these three volumes. They consist of studies of twenty-four states ruled by leaders claiming to be Marxists, ranging alphabetically from Albania to Yugoslavia and in political significance from the Soviet Union to Benin. That is a quite tall enough order. But it is also an exercise which is useful on several levels.

Szajkowski has encouraged his contributors to ask many of the same questions, and to provide data, where possible, on the country of their speciality which can be related to comparable data from the other states included within the volumes. Thus, the work is both a handy source of much factual information and a contribution to the comparative study of communism. It is no fault of the editor and authors if the quantity and quality of information vary greatly from one of the states surveyed to another and if the book was already in a number of respects out of date by the time it appeared. It does more than enough to justify a continuing existence and it is to be hoped that it will be updated and revised periodically and published in further editions.

Each chapter contains a historical survey of the country's development in the communist period, discussion of the major political institutions, biographical notes on the top political leaders, and some basic statistics, ranging from population density and distribution to party membership (where known). Foreign relations, economic development, and ideological changes also receive some attention from the contributors.

In most cases the authors of the "country" chapters are specialists on the politics or history of that country. Where the editor has been unable to find someone who is familiar with the primary sources in the language of the country concerned, he has handed over the task to a knowledgeable "comparativist" who makes the best of the translated primary sources and of the secondary sources. In this manner, Szajkowski himself produces a workmanlike chapter on Albania and Leslie Holmes very competently covers Bulgaria.

Some authors are more fortunate

than others inasmuch as they are not only writing on countries which are the main subject of their expertise but on ones which also have particularly interesting primary source materials or a comparatively rich literature of Western scholarly analysis to draw upon. There is no doubt that most of the contributors of chapters on what Peter Wiles (in a recent book) has called "The New Communist Third World" are at a disadvantage as compared with those who write on the Soviet Union or Europe. This may be one - though not the only - reason why three of the best chapters are those by Ronald Hill on the Soviet Union, Alex Pravda on Czechoslovakia and George Schöpflin on Hungary. Hill and Pravda, though also intimately familiar with the primary sources, are comparatively well served by the writings of their fellow Western political scientists. Schöpflin, who has significantly less of a Western literature on Hungarian politics to draw upon, has the knowledge of Hungarian sources and understanding of the way the system works not to be unduly disconcerted by the fact that few Western scholars outside the ranks of the Hungarian diaspora have ventured to write on Hungarian politics and society.

Not surprisingly, the individual authors differ in their political beliefs and in the values to which they accord highest priority. It is of interest in this regard to contrast the greater degree of academic detachment, by and large, of those contributors who write on the East European states with the higher level of commitment and revolutionary zeal of some of those who write on Asian states. Thus, Bill Brugger does not merely record certain of the changes which have taken place in China since Stalin's death, but indicates that he is less than happy about them. He suggests, with some reason, that Mao himself would have been "disturbed" by the way things are going, and while for Brugger "the economic strategy of 1978 still offers something far superior to what usually constitutes a development programme", he worries about whether it is recognizably "socialist".

What is, perhaps, a little more surprising is that Laura Summers, writing about Kampuchea in the period up until 1978, evinces no disquiet at all about the Pol Pot régime, whose domestic policies are said to have been dominated by "security and public health problems". Kampuchean developments in 1978 lead her to suggest that "the period of post-war crisis is over" and she notes that "visitors to the co-operatives have been impressed by the health of the population, the absence of tension or obvious surveillance and efforts by the government and co-operative authorities to construct houses for all families". On this evidence, Kampuchean studies would appear to have reached the point attained by Soviet studies some forty-five years ago when Beatrice and Sidney Webb ventured forth to "the land of the soviets" and found "a new civilization" in the midst of Stalin's purges. Laura Summers's difficulties are, partly, of course, those of writing the contemporary history of countries in turmoil. Szajkowski finds it necessary to add a postscript following the Vietnamese intervention in Kampuchea, in which he mentions some of the less attractive features of the dislodged Pol Pot régime. Indeed, one might venture a guess that when the definitive comparative study of the development of public health comes to be written, Pol Pot's promotion of public health will be judged to have less in common with the contribution of Edwin Chadwick than with that of Nikolai Yezhov.

The *Politics of Uranium* by Norman Moss (239pp. André Deutsch. £4.95. 0 233 97397 4) carries accounts of the location and exploitation of the main material for the production of both nuclear energy and atomic weapons. The international cartel, arms proliferation, pollution control and the anti-nuclear movement.

UNITED STATES

Transports of delight

By Reyner Banham

DAVID BRODSKY:
L. A. Freeway
An appreciative essay
178pp. with 18 maps and 70 black-and-white illustrations. University of California Press. £12.50.
520 04068 6

In the first hot month of the fall... Maria drove the freeway... Again and again she returned to an intricate stretch just south of the interchange, where successful passage from the Hollywood end of the Harbor required a diagonal move across four lanes of traffic. On the afternoon she finally did it without once braking or once losing the beat of the radio she was exultant, and that night slept dreamlessly.

Thus Joan Didion in what is now the most quoted passage she has written in *Play It as It Lays*. David Brodsky manages to avoid it until page 56 of *L. A. Freeway*, but quote he must. It seems to be the first truly effective literary metaphor constructed out of the Los Angeles townscape, after a series of overblown conceits too faintly built on more obvious tropes: *The Slide Area, Fault-line, Sunset Boulevard*, etc. Didion's metaphor of psychological survival skills (one of Maria's other personae "seemed to have the knack for controlling her own destiny") is cut from concrete experience, solid, resistant to falsification. Everyone who has executed that critical manoeuvre will instantly recognize its truth. So too, however, will readers of *Play It as It Lays* who have never visited the city, never driven a car.

This is not only a measure of Didion's craft as a writer, but also a measure of Los Angeles as a world city. Much as readers who have never visited Paris, and have no intention of doing away with themselves, will believe they understand why Gérard de Nerval's first idea on entering the Place de la Concorde was to commit suicide, so - *mutatis mutandis* - they will believe they understand the mortal importance of that diagonal crossing of four lanes of traffic. If Didion's white anorexia of the soul is our modern equivalent of de Nerval's black *mal de la mer*, then the topography of the freeways is becoming as much part of the furnishing of every cultivated mind as the topography of literary Paris. If the freeway system has imposed itself as the master metaphor of the rootless alienations and expendable pleasures that are supposed to be the lot of the Angelenos, then by the same token the city as a whole can serve as a generalized metaphor for the current human condition.

In a rather daring intellectual manoeuvre that confirms the new status of the freeways as established, not intrusive, Brodsky proposes that Los Angeles, just because of this massive investment in motorways, is better adapted to a mass-transit future than San Francisco, which got out of freeways a decade earlier and built the underground BART railway instead:

... with the possible exception of the downtown San Francisco financial district, BART has had little effect on urban form, especially in the suburban periphery of the Bay

tion now the business of the entertainment divisions of multi-national conglomerates, it is being said in the moguls' favour that at least their authoritarianism was personal, and that they both knew and cared about movies.

The principal strength of Carey's generally excellent biography is that he steers a judicious course between these two extreme propositions; he shows Mayer to have been unfailingly stuck with the image of a crass mogul without, in hindsight, being redeemed as a knowledgeable producer. Just as Metro came to be seen as the "studio of studios", so Mayer, in his tantrums, his sentimentality and his business acumen, has become the archetypal figure of the studio head - even in his lifetime he was caricatured in a Broadway play by William Saroyan, *Get Away Old Man*; and parodied by Clifford Odets in *The Big Knife*. What is most interesting in Carey's defence is his account of how Irving Thalberg, the "boy wonder" who supervised MGM's production, came to be known as the studio's real creative genius. (The lustre of that reputation has long since

The way in which the freeways have, in fact, imposed themselves in this role is instructive. They are probably less vital to Los Angeles than the Tube to London or the Metro to Paris - I recall once driving down Sepulveda towards the airport and realized that we had been in LA for five days, had visited every person or institution on our crowded programme, yet never set tyre to freeway the whole time. The freeways are only as necessary as Angelenos have made them. The city was not built around them; rather, they follow ancient and established corridors of transportation and breach the mountains by the same passes as did the earliest white travellers, and they have only recently, though perhaps crucially, begun to affect the patterns of urbanization along their margins.

Yet the city has lusted after them since they were first mooted in the 1930s, and has been prepared to make addit-sized sacrifices to get them. Only with the late decade of disputes over the Century Freeway, which still may not be built in its entirety, have the citizenry begun to ask whether they are worth the expense and the politics. By this time, inevitably, some of the earliest ones have acquired the status of historic landmarks, so that to negotiate one of the right-angled, 5-mph entries on to the Pasadena Freeway is to re-live the prelapsarian innocence of the system's coy beginnings as the Arroyo Seco Parkway.

The whole historical process is set out, yet again, in Brodsky's "appreciative essay", the novelty of his study being that it is the first that can look back on the whole enormous civic enterprise as a completed design, near enough, like the Paris of Haussmann or the Rome of Sixtus V. For him - as for many of us - the Freeway system has fixed the form and confirmed the style of Los Angeles, and even were the Century never built, nothing can alter the fact that the others were built, are in place, will not go away and will probably have to provide the locations for whatever mechanisms of transport are supposed to succeed them.

Indeed, in a rather daring intellectual manoeuvre that confirms the new status of the freeways as established, not intrusive, Brodsky proposes that Los Angeles, just because of this massive investment in motorways, is better adapted to a mass-transit future than San Francisco, which got out of freeways a decade earlier and built the underground BART railway instead:

... with the possible exception of the downtown San Francisco financial district, BART has had little effect on urban form, especially in the suburban periphery of the Bay

faded, as have most of Thalberg's stodgily literary adaptations), but Carey's description of his personal and working relationship with Mayer is illuminating and constructively critical of both men.

Area. There have been none of the high-rise offices or apartments, none of the compact shopping malls or industrial parks which the freeway system has inspired in Los Angeles. ... Ironically, if the time should ever come when we really want a fixed rail transit system in Los Angeles, we will have not only the exclusive rights of build them on, but will also be much closer to an urban pattern appropriate to such a system.

There is more to this (perhaps slightly smug) assessment than meets the eye. Although Brodsky hears less of the old "Greatest Bore of Today" rhetoric about "senseless automobile-generated suburban sprawl" than one used to, most arguments about public transport still tend to assume that a city rationally (or even "naturally") based on fixed-rail rapid transit will be a different shape from one based on random automobile movement over freeways. In proposing, contrariwise, that it should be pretty well the same shape, Brodsky is fitting an educated kite that ought to have been flown before mechanical urban transit ever began.

Primitive systems (with the blessed exception of London's Inner Circle) always fed radially into central-area congestion, and hoped to profit by it - and thus made it worse because practically every such system known to man is capable of generating more traffic than it can handle - see, for instance, what the Bakerloo and the Metropolitan between them have done for Finchley Road. The L.A. freeways avoided that classic congestion-trap by bypassing downtown instead of trying to penetrate it. As a result, downtown is boxed and defined by four major arteries that pass it on the way to somewhere else - much to the confusion of Europeans innumerable conditioned to believe that all important roads must lead to the Piazza Venezia, Piccadilly Circus or other conventional focal point.

It is probably too late for these lessons to be learnt anywhere but Milton Keynes, by now, London, it seems, will be surgically patched with cardiac-arrest by-passes like the Fleet and Jubilee lines, but not the Ringway. Brodsky pursues the theme no further than San Francisco, but he does give a studiable picture of how Los Angeles may have sleepwalked into this unassailable truth. His essay in appreciation comes in three sections: one concerned with meanings and perceptions of freeway systems; the next with the physical history of transportation in the Los Angeles Basin; and the third an epilogue, with appendices and notes. The historical section crosses territory familiar to students of the case. Here again are the close tie-ups between railway promoters and real-estate developers; the conspiracy

theorists' tale of how the Pacific Electric Railway was destroyed at the behest of General Motors - and the oft-forgotten dates of how late LA died: 1961 and 1963, long after most British cities had scrapped their trams. And the predecessors and models for the Los Angeles system are duly noted; the German *Autobahnen*, and the New York Parkway system of Commissioner Robert Moses, that darling of liberal opinion in the 1940s and 50s.

If all this history is fairly familiar, the preceding section of the book, entitled "Intuitions of Meaning", is less well trodden, even though it contains arguments pro and con that will be familiar to anyone who has ever been embroiled in a conversation about Los Angeles. To have them concentrated in one sustained essay, however, and drawn from every conceivable source from sociology to folk-song is cumulatively salutary. It is a *Symphonie einer Grossstadt*, but scored for rubber-tyred vehicles only.

More than that, there is an equally obvious mystique; a set of irrational (but not necessarily irrational) attitudes that are inculcated by gossip and habit and movies and even the language of the Highway Patrol, until they become an unquestioned part of the life-style of every driver who practises towards perfection and eventually makes the Harbor without missing a beat. Those who do not strive for perfection will never have the Freeway Experience, and that is the very core of the mystique.

But is that experience truly single? To suppose it, as even Brodsky seems to do, is to miss the richness and variety that every true freeway buff knows. Something like a fast pass up the Pasadena at dawn, when it is discovered that the sections signposted as slow as 30 mph can, in fact, be taken at seventy, is very different from westward passage on the Santa Monica in the dark and in driving rain that conceals the road markings so that only the feel of tyre on concrete can indicate what lane you are in, or the stately rush-hour formation-keeping, warily trustful of the drivers ahead, behind, and on either side, that brings rivers of glistening metal at a safe fifty-odd miles per hour to "the groves and fountains" of San Bernardino at the end of the day.

Or - for me most illustrative of the vision the city lusted after - a sunny afternoon in the middle of the fuel crisis of 1973-74, at a time when a consensus of the citizenry believed that a fuel-thrifty thirty-five mph was the only way to go. Westbound on the Santa Monica again, rolling in open formation at this modest speed in a rented Buick of low charisma and with "the late great" Jim Croce singing "Candle in the Wind" on the radio, I divined for the first time the true depths of the concept of the freeway. And looking out over the serrated palm trees of the surrounding suburbia I felt a sense of relaxation so powerful that I believed I could reconstruct the original vision of the freeway experience - painless movement at will through an ideal Middle Landscape of genteel habitation.

Brodsky cites Leo Marx (of "Middle Landscape" fame) on the subject of The Machine in the Garden. He could hardly do otherwise: here, for about ten minutes, the Machine and the Garden were at peace.

REPRESENTATION & the IMAGINATION

Beckett, Kafka, Nabokov, & Schoenberg
Daniel Albright
A Chicago Original, published October 1981, £9.95

ICON & CONQUEST

A Structural Analysis of the Illustrations of de Bry's "Great Voyages"
Bernadette Bucher
A Chicago Original, published January 1982, £9.95

POETIC THINKING

An Approach to Heidegger
David Halliburton
Published April 1982, £15.75

THE LIFE OF THE POET

Beginning & Ending Poetic Careers
Lawrence Lipking
Published January 1982, £14.00

ON NARRATIVE

W. J. T. Mitchell, editor (from Critical Inquiry)
Published January 1981 in paperback, £5.60
and now available in paperback

NEW READINGS vs OLD PLAYS

Recent Trends in the Reinterpretation of English Renaissance Drama
Richard Levin £6.30

THE VALUE OF THE INDIVIDUAL

Saif & Circumstances in Autobiography
Karl J. Weintraub £8.75

CHICAGO

The University of Chicago Press
126 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1W 9SD

Plantation patriarchy

By P. J. Parish

CAROL BLESER:

The Hammonds of Redcliffe
421pp. Oxford University Press. £15.
0 19 502920 8

James H. Hammond is a man doomed to be remembered for one speech – or, more precisely, two phrases from one speech. On March 4, 1850, he addressed the Senate on the need for any civilization worthy of the name for an interior class or caste “to perform the drudgery of life”. It required “but a low order of intellect and but little skill of society and of political government”. The enslavement of an inferior race, he argued, was greatly to be preferred to the degradation of an inferior class of fellow-whites. If the “mud-sill” theory is one of Hammond’s, it is a dubious immortality, the other is his claim (which some might dispute) to have originated the phrase “cotton is king”.

Hammond was one of the largest slave-owners of his day, as well as one of the most belligerent champions of the South’s peculiar institution. At the centre of his world, and as the great symbol of, and monument to, his achievements, stood Redcliffe, the house which he built in the 1850s at Beech Island on the Savannah River – so impossibly perfect a specimen of Southern plantation architecture as to resemble a film set rather than the genuine article. Generations of Hammonds occasionally resented but could seldom escape for long its extraordinarily powerful hold. Small wonder that John Sedgewick Billings, a Yankee marrying into the family in the 1890s, should confess twice in one letter that “I am afraid of Redcliffe”. Yet, ironically, it was his son, John Shaw Billings, who lavished his affection and his money on Redcliffe in the 1930s to restore it to its former glory, and who, in 1954, retired there, after a highly successful career with *Time* and *Life* magazines, to enjoy his assumed role of Southern gentleman.

So much is clear from *The Hammonds of Redcliffe*, the handsome volume for which Carol Bleser has selected some two hundred letters from three large collections of family correspondence, covering four generations from the 1850s to the 1930s. However, the influence and the burden of a great house and its formidable founder seem to have oppres-

sed, or diminished, some of the later generations of Hammonds. Their letters are, alas, often disappointingly trite in style and content, and deal mainly in the small change of family affairs – minor illnesses, lovers’ quarrels and disappointments, travel arrangements, delays in the mail, changes in the weather. They tell us something of the family history of the Hammonds but little about the history of the family as an institution something about life on a South Carolina plantation but remarkably little about the great events and the dramatic upheavals through which the Hammonds lived.

None of this is the fault of Professor Bleser, for her editorial work can scarcely be faulted. She annotates the letters fully and meticulously, and she guides the reader expertly along the spreading branches of the Hammond family tree. Her introductions to the correspondence of each generation are lively, informative and helpful, and reveal a happy gift for the delineation of character and the sensitive portrayal of family relationships. If truth be told, the editor writes with more verve and insight than almost any of the Hammond correspondents. If only, one is tempted to say, she had actually written the family history herself, how much better it would have been than the collected letters which, however skillfully edited, remain largely undistinguished.

James Hammond, a larger than life figure even in his imperfections, dominates the book as he dominated his family (although he dies on page 129). His letters, at least, are pungently written and often brutally direct – and they sometimes reveal the pro-slavery clamour in an unexpected light. In 1858, he wrote to his friend, William Gilmore Simms, that he opposed any further extension of slave territory; the South already had more than enough to be “the ruling power of the world”, in or out of the Union. “Let us consolidate our Great Empire, develop it, ignore all outside and stand ready to rule the Union or send it to the devil on a moment’s notice.” He had doubts about the wisdom of secession, and believed that, if it came, the first task of any new Southern Confederacy must be to re-enact the federal constitution.

In his letters as in his life, Hammond tells us a good deal about the Southern planter class. If they were an aristocracy at all, they were an aristocracy of self-made men, parvenus, nouveaux riches – and, not infrequently, recent arrivals in the

South. The Hammonds had lived in Massachusetts since the seventeenth century, and it was James’s father Hammond married his wife for her money, over the objections of her family who saw him as a fortune hunter. He acquired more land and slaves as eagerly as he sought status and recognition. In 1846, however, his political ambitions suffered a setback through his sexual indiscretions. His over-enthusiastic frolics with his four teenage nieces incurred the wrath of the highly influential Wade Hampton family, to whom the girls were related – and his misconduct was neither forgiven nor forgotten. For two years from 1850 to 1852, his wife left him on account of his affair

with one of his slaves. Where women were concerned, Hammond practised what he preached; in a letter to his son Harry, he spelt out the three main roles of women: to produce the next generation, to be “a toy for recreation”, and, for those well enough endowed with the goods of this world, to open the door to wealth and position for their husbands.

Once having “arrived” as one of the great planters of the South, another self-made man, about what his sons would do with their patrimony – and he wrote scathingly of their incompetence, indolence and indifference. “I have worked like ten overseers and made every sacrifice”,

he wrote, “to make my sons well educated and well bred independent so. Carolina Country Gentlemen, the nearest to noblemen of any possible anything else . . .” When he died in 1864, he was in deep despair as he pondered the future of his family and fall which fills the remainder of Professor Bleser’s volume may serve as a metaphor for the demise of the old Southern way of life. Certainly, James H. Hammond, the self-made patriarch, stands as an apt symbol of the Southern slaveocracy, both in his assertiveness and his insecurity. One hopes that Professor Bleser may now be encouraged to give us a new biography of him.



James Henry Hammond (1807-1864) (left)



William Gilmore Simms (1806-1870) (right)



Andrew Jackson (1767-1845) (left)



John Henry Eaton (1790-1856) (right)

Matured hickory

By Peter Marshall

ROBERT V. REMINI:

Andrew Jackson and the Course of American Freedom, 1822-1832
Volume II
469pp. Harper and Row. £14.
06 014844 6

The first volume of Robert V. Remini’s biography of Andrew Jackson closed with the General’s resignation as Governor of the territory of Florida, eleven weeks after entering office. This, the second of three volumes, describes the events of a further decade, in which a national hero became additionally a political chieftain. Historians may agree that these years ushered in the Age of Jackson but continue to differ on the significance and nature of the changes that distinguished the period. Interpretations pass out of and into favour; if, for some time after 1945, Arthur Schlesinger’s version of a process set firmly in the tradition of American liberalism held sway, its influence declined in a phase during which both the motives and the purposes of the President and his party were called into question. The proposition that Jacksonian democracy marked a major step forward in the extension of American political institutions did not appear to be confirmed by the

evidence either of economic policy or of popular support. This, however, did not dispose of the matter, to the extent that Schlesinger’s approach remains congenial to historians seeking to demonstrate the popular and egalitarian aspects of Jacksonian democracy and convinced of their importance.

Professor Remini is, of course, well aware of these fluctuations of opinion which a biographer must consider even if resolution is beyond his powers. He is, for example, in no doubt that Jackson brought about “the conversion of a republic into a democracy”, a majority rule would on the Union, on tariffs, on internal improvements and territorial expansion, are made known in these years, but play secondary roles in a drama dominated by the exceptional strength of a personality that triumphed over physical sickness and political blunders. His return to Nashville from Florida in 1821 Jackson could, with total justification, have sought an honoured retirement. His medical condition alone would have offered abundant cause for him; dysentery and malaria persisted and bronchitis to say nothing of the veteran refused to become a valet-

dinarian; in less than two years he would endure the sustained discomforts of the 900-mile journey to Washington, to enter the Senate for the second time. Henceforth he would remain permanently in the forefront of the nation’s political affairs.

The final stage of the ascent to idly and perhaps naturally. Remini considers that the plentiful examples of corruption that characterized the administration of President Monroe determined Jackson to secure the restoration of honest government, imperative when the outcome of Jackson’s Presidential campaign in 1824 was to see his plurality in both electoral and popular votes set aside by the corrupt bargain struck by Henry Clay and Adams and the consequent election in the House of Representatives of Adams as President, followed by the appointment of Clay as his Secretary of State. In this episode Professor Remini’s sympathies appear to be strongly with Jackson, though it is not entirely obvious that the behaviour of his opponents was wholly to be condemned. But for Jackson this setback, or as he saw it, this betrayal of the nation’s liberties, his purposes from military to political affairs, it did not require a change in his outlook: a sense of honour that

in earlier life had demanded satisfaction in duels now sought revenge at the polls.

The election of 1828 provided the opportunity for Jackson to strike down Adams and Clay in the name of an affronted and thwarted popular will. Yet the history of his first administration hardly constitutes a record of brilliant achievements made possible by the restoration of public virtue. The incoming President insisted on rewarding Samuel Swartout for his early support with the office of collector of the port of New York; Martin Van Buren was horrified, and may not have been subsequently consoled when his departure of the collector with revenues. Nor was this an isolated case of judgment. Jackson provoked the appointment of a “among the worst cabinets in the nineteenth century” – an accolade, however, declared his selection to be “one of the strongest” – that ever have been in the United States. Individually inadequate, the cabinet proved collectively ludicrous; as its behaviour over the social propriety of the marriage of John Eaton, the all-Washington society was divided into those who would, and those who would not, receive Mrs. Eaton. The

President’s nerves appeared more afflicted by this conflict than had proved the case on any previous battlefield. The occasion did not appear to mark the emergence of a great new party of popular reform.

Two substantial issues distinguished Jackson’s first administration: Indian removal and the beginning of the Bank War. The merits of neither case seem likely to be settled by this account. Avowals of regret and concern, notwithstanding, Remini’s version of Jackson’s treatment of the Southern Indians seems too cursory and too generous. The discussion of the mounting antagonism that marked the President’s view of the Bank stresses personal conflicts rather than financial and economic themes. This may well be appropriate, for Jackson’s personality dictated and informed his policies. Their substance was often uncertain, and on that account alone he must be considered fortunate not to have lived at a time when the actions of his administration would have been subject to critical scrutiny and not merely general abuse. As it was, his election for a second term in 1832, followed a contest in which “the only real issue in the campaign was Jackson himself”. His personal domination was complete, but to what political purpose would it be put? The final volume of this accomplished biography may provide some answer.

Campaigning digger

By Stuart Piggott

JACQUETTA HAWKES:

Mortimer Wheeler
Adventurer in archaeology
387pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.
£10.95.
0 297 78056 5

Born in 1890, R. E. M. Wheeler was a dominating (and often domineering) figure in British archaeology until his death at the age of eighty-six. In 1935 he published an autobiography, *Still Digging*, and fifteen years later wrote a personal account of his work as Secretary of the British Academy; now Jacquetta Hawkes looks at an old friend with the biographer’s eye and sets before us the story of a complex and contradictory character. He conducted and published half a dozen major excavations in Britain, and then by a quirk of fate and by then a Brigadier, as many again in India and Pakistan. Concurrently he showed extraordinary administrative talent for reviving moribund institutions of scholarship – the National Museum of Wales, the London Museum, the Archaeological Survey of India, the British Academy – and created a new one, the Institute of Archaeology in the University of London. He fought with distinction in two world wars, was an inveterate womanizer, and then as Sir Mortimer Wheeler became Television Personality of the Year in the 1950s. No biographer could complain of a lack of variety in source material, or of not having an arresting and vivid personality as subject.

Jacquetta Hawkes makes her approach clear in her opening sentence. “Mortimer Wheeler will rise from these pages as a Hero figure”, the word used “in its epic sense . . . an epic hero in an anti-heroic age”. With any criticism from his colleagues largely arising from jealousy of his extraordinary success as a man of action in love, war and his profession. Her long book chronicles these actions, beginning with an unremarkable and pleasant middle-class childhood with sympathetic parents and a particularly happy relationship with his father, a journalist and writer with a background of classics in the University of Edinburgh. Wheeler himself read classics at University College, London, though still at this time harbouring the “lurking ambition to become an artist” as he put it, and also doing his own thing, which was unfortunately less interesting than persistent. “Adventurer in archaeo-

studentship and a junior post on the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments for England in the brief interval before the outbreak of war in 1914, in which, he recorded, he enjoyed his soldiering, becoming a Major and winning the MC with a mention in despatches.

In 1920 he became Keeper of the National Museum of Wales, and by 1925 Director of what by his solvent institution, with a notable series of excavations on Roman sites in the Principality achieved and published. Ambitious and forceful, he looked to London as a desirable centre for further activity, and between 1926 and 1934 resuscitated the London Museum and brought into being the Institute of Archaeology in the University of London, while conducting increasingly ambitious excavations at Lydney, Verulamium, Maiden Castle and in the hill-forts of northern France until 1939. Working within the military model of Roman Britain then current, aiming at the sequence and dating of defensive ramparts and their entrenchments, he transferred this to prehistoric earthworks, assumed to have analogous functions to Roman forts.

A second war was vigorously enjoyed by the brigadier who acquired the nickname of Flash Alf and who, to everyone’s surprise, including his own, was invited in 1943 to take over within the military model of Roman Britain then current, aiming at the sequence and dating of defensive ramparts and their entrenchments, he transferred this to prehistoric earthworks, assumed to have analogous functions to Roman forts.

Jacquetta Hawkes has set out this remarkable life story in detail (perhaps too great detail), as she also does his womanizing, which was unfortunately less interesting than persistent. “Adventurer in archaeo-

logy” is an apt subtitle, with just the right hint not only of the forceful innovator but of Flash Alf. The biography fails to give the reader any real idea of the nature, and the rapidly changing nature, of the domain of scholarship in which Wheeler adventured over that formative quarter-century 1925-50. The adventurer is there all right, but where’s the bloody horse? Where is the archaeology upon which his reputation rests? In a sense, of course, it is there all the time, but by implication or as a part of the narrative. What one would have liked, and what would have been of much use to non-archaeological readers, is a reasoned estimate of Wheeler’s own position as an archaeologist at the time of his main excavations and as seen in perspective today.

It is not an altogether simple task. His own views, given largely as a lecture in 1950 and reworked into the last chapter of his *Archaeology from the Earth* four years later, have much rhetoric, some sound common sense about field techniques, and the well-known emotive phrases about digging up people, not things, and concentrating “upon the major achievements of Man as a social animal”: like the Great Site theory of history, this is the Great Site view of antiquity, where a British Iron Age settlement could become a Town, or even a Metropolis. The recording of archaeological features in vertical cross-section became almost obsessive with Wheeler, until “stratification” was a kind of magic formula invented by Pitt-Rivers and improved by himself. Of course it was not; it was a geological concept taken over by archaeologists in the nineteenth century in the context of palaeolithic deposits and extended to man-made aggradations. But for Wheeler stratification was personal, and the drawn section was the visual statement of a viewpoint reinforcing the argument of the text.

His then innovative techniques were splendid, necessary and salutary in the 1920s, establishing codes and standards where none had existed before, and their success in India was due to the fact that the subcontinent in the 1940s was archaeologically in a state of anarchy. Inventing a career for himself when no community of archaeological scholars existed, he never became a member of it as it rapidly formed from the 1930s onwards. Partly by his precocious success as a pioneer, and partly by his arrogance, he put himself (perhaps not unwittingly or unwillingly) outside the current archaeological

debates of his younger colleagues. He ignored, for instance, the inter-disciplinary studies combining archaeology and the natural sciences which were begun in Cambridge in the early 1930s, and even seems to have taken no interest in the new approaches towards the understanding of the mechanics of humanly induced stratification leading to the making of an “experimental earthwork” in 1958.

It became a position of dangerous isolation which meant that Wheeler could be out of date, and, unaccustomed to the give-and-take of scholarly discussion, unprepared for reasoned criticism. Jacquetta Hawkes overdramatizes the circumstances of “the most bitter and long-lasting feud to rend British archaeology” with the “notorious review” by Nowell Myres of Wheeler’s *Verulamium* report: before this, she says, “no one else ever ventured to criticize the master in print”. Myres’s was a courteous and generous critical review, far less fierce than many, then and now, to be found in the pages of learned journals. Had the master been freely moving in the world of scholarship he would have known that you publish to be judged by your fellow-workers, and while naturally hoping for approbation, you are prepared for criticism. He was not. I think my personal experience may not have been unrepresentative: when, twenty years his junior and starting an archaeological career, I never thought of him as an elder colleague with whom I could discuss my subject, as I so happily and profitably did with Cyril Fox and Gerhard Bersu (his seniors) or Gordon Childe (his contemporary). He does not seem to have discussed archaeological problems as such with anyone, except as part of the day-to-day running of a dig.

The Hero emerges from this biography not as a scholar hero; his own words “profoundly the appearance of the Maiden Castle report in wartime, ‘inter arma’ I have no heart for studentship”, were perhaps applicable not only to 1941, but to his career at large. Always *inter arma* in some campaign or other, his genius was that of the entrepreneur, the organizer, the deviser and director of skilled techniques on an excavation or with the Treasury. Perhaps in the perspective of time his greatest contribution to humane scholarship will be seen in those final and really heroic decades, ending in his eightieth year, when he used to the full his flair, judgment and ruthlessness to bring the British Academy into the honoured position it holds today.

Small rebellion in Wales

By Barry Cunliffe

GRAHAM WEBSTER:

Rome Against Caratacus
161pp. Batsford. £9.95.
0 154 3627 1

The appearance of *Rome Against Caratacus* completes a trilogy of books written by Graham Webster to describe the opening twenty years of the Roman invasion of Britain. The first, entitled *The Roman Invasion of Britain*, covers the period of the first governor, Aulus Plautius, and takes the story up to the creation of Britain’s first Roman frontier zone (the rear of which was delimited by the Posse Way) by the winter of 47/48. The last book, *Rome Against Caratacus*, AD 49-60, deals with the governorship of Suetonius Paulinus, who was immortalized by the tragic revolt of Queen Boudicca – a brief episode of unbelievable brutality – and which the southern part of Britain settled down to enjoy the everyday pleasures of the Roman Peace. The present book fills the gap between the first and the last, covering the ambitious and ill-fated campaign of the first Roman emperor, Augustus, in 55 BC.

Rather, as in Shakespeare’s *Julius Caesar*, the hero of the title, dies tragically early in the saga but

there is plenty of action to maintain the pace without him. The bare bones of the story, outlined in the *Annals* of Tacitus, may be briefly told. Britain’s second governor, Ostorius Scapula, arrived in the winter of 47/48 to find the province under threat from rebels in the west led by the native war leader, Caratacus, from his base in south Wales. There was nothing for it but to rout out the trouble-maker and to ensure the stability of the province by extending the military zone into the west Midlands hard up against the eastern edge of the Welsh mountains. Caratacus, decisively beaten by superior forces, escaped to northern England to the land of the Brigantes, only to be handed over to the Romans by Queen Cartimandua, who evidently valued her friendship with Rome more than the gratitude of her defeated countrymen.

Scapula died in office and was replaced in 52 by Didius Gallus, who seems to have carried out a holding operation but was forced, by trouble among the Brigantian allies, to campaign in the southern Pennines. Although Tacitus is scathing about the lack of military advance under Gallus it seems highly likely that the governor was simply obeying orders to maintain the security of the province. A new governor, when, in 56/57, a new governor, Quintus Veranius, was appointed, apparently with orders to complete the conquest of Britain. The advance

into Wales began but Veranius died within a year, leaving it to his successors to thrust the frontier to the Highlands of Scotland.

The story is comparatively well known, at least to those familiar with Romano-British history, but Webster tells it again in attractively readable prose coloured by many original insights and theories developed after years of his own scholarly research. He knows the territory intimately, has himself excavated several of the important military sites, and has very probably handled every scrap of relevant Roman military equipment. He is uniquely qualified to write this book and has done so a great service by doing so.

Webster has catered for his two audiences well. The general reader will find the text crisp, lively and well illustrated, while the characters in the story add their own fascination. The specialist, on the other hand, is provided with a mass of thoroughly referenced detail in the form of descriptions of each of the relevant military bases and of the main routes between them. These descriptions, together with eight useful appendices, account for two-thirds of the book, but even to a non-specialist they are of interest, for the author has presented the archaeological evidence fully in terms of fact, theories and alternatives so that each passage gives an intimate insight into the working of the

archaeological mind. It is very skillfully and very attractively accomplished. As a guide to the use of archaeological evidence, and its synthesis with data provided by documentary sources, this book will be difficult to better: it can be thoroughly recommended to the full spectrum of its potential readers.

A subject area so actively researched will inevitably change, and the variety of the evidence is bound to mean that there will always be interpretations passing into and out of fashion. What Graham Webster has provided is a thorough, up-to-date assessment of the period which will remain the basis from which all further research will proceed.

One of the latest in the series of pocket anthologies, *Small Oxford Books*, is *Wales*, compiled by Ian Morris (114pp, Oxford University Press, £3.95, 0 19 214118 X). Her selection celebrates *Cymreidd*, the consciousness of being Welsh; and the defence of Welshness against Romans, Saxons, Normans, English and conformity of every kind. In extracts from Tacitus on the Druids of Anglesey in AD 60 to Bruce Chatwin on the Welsh in Patagonia in the 1970s. Passages are included from Caradoc of Llancarvan, the *Mabinogion*, Gildas, Geoffrey Chaucer, Shakespeare, Smollett, Lloyd George and Aneurin Bevan, and the work of many poets from Hywel ap Owain Gwynedd to Dafydd ap Gwilym to David Jones and Bobi Jones and Dylan Thomas and R. S. Thomas.

Climatic Change in Later Prehistory

edited by Anthony Harding

Climatologists, led by Hubert Lamb, here review the evidence for climatic change in Europe in the last six millennia B.C., its astonishing diversity, the techniques for obtaining it, the problems of interpretation, and the reliability of the data. A goldmine for archaeologists and earth scientists.

£9.75

from 22 George Square

EDINBURGH

Issues in the Islamic Movement

1980-81 (1400-1401)

Edited by

KALIM SIDDIQUI

In his opening chapter, Dr Kalim Siddiqui, director of the Muslim Institute and a former Fleet Street journalist, defines the Islamic movement, or ‘Islamic fundamentalism’, as the west preface to call it. This 410-page book includes 112 articles on the contemporary world as seen by Muslim writers. There is an extensive index and a glossary. It is an essential ‘reader’ as well as an invaluable book of reference.

Hbk ISBN 0 906081 10 2 £13.95
Pbk ISBN 0 906081 11 0 £ 6.95

Order from any bookshop or from

The Open Press Ltd
6 Enfield Street
London WC1H 0DS

Forthcoming Special Numbers in the Times Literary Supplement are as follows:

MAY 28 REFERENCE BOOKS
JUNE 18 UNIVERSITY PRESSES

For further details please contact:

CHRISTOPHER LORNE
Advertising Manager
on 01-837 1234
Ext. 7736

A Munro Symposium, Roger Mercer, ed.



Farming Practice in British Prehistory

Brings us as up to date as we can be. Geoffrey Dimbleby. This excellent book... coolly learned. Ronald Blythe. A very good read for anybody interested in prehistoric Britain. History Today. Paradigmatic in prehistoric archaeology. Choice (Amer. Library Association).

£10 from 22 George Square

EDINBURGH

Doctrine of the Doppers

By Kenneth Ingham

IRVING HEXHAM:

The Irony of Apartheid
The Struggle for National Independence of Afrikaner Calvinism against British Imperialism
239pp. New York and Toronto: Edwin Mellen Press.

Is there anything new to be said about apartheid? Irving Hexham believes there is, though radical historians might think his argument peripheral if not positively perverse. While even the more liberal students of South Africa might wonder if he is seeking to put back the historiographical clock.

For Professor Hexham finds the origins of apartheid not in the desire to exploit a docile labour force or in the wish to assert white supremacy but in a Christian-nationalist movement. He does not, however, make the mistake of assuming that Calvinism in South Africa is a monolithic structure or that Afrikaner nationalism is a seamless garment. For him apartheid originally drew its intellectual justification from the nineteenth-century Dutch neo-Calvinist movement and its nationalist impetus from an idealized interpretation of the history of the South African Republic, the Transvaal.

The appeal to Dutch neo-Calvinism took place in 1837 when conservative Afrikaners, disturbed by the dilution of South African Calvinism through the infusion of evangelical doctrines, asked the Separated Christian Reformed Church, which had itself been founded in Holland to resist the liberalizing influence of French Revolutionary theories, to send a minister to assist them. Dirk Steyn was the man selected, and the church which he founded in Pretoria, the Gereformeerde Kerk (Reformed Church), based its doctrines on the fundamentalist tenets of the Synod of Dort of 1618-19 and drew its congregation from a conservative group of Boers known locally as Doppers, of whom the most formidable was Paul Kruger.

It was the devastating effect of the second Anglo-Boer war, and the anglicizing policy that followed it, which, Hexham maintains, provided the conditions for the myth of apartheid to flourish. To the despairing remnants of the Boer people the leaders of the Reformed Church proclaimed the former glory of a society that had remained true to its traditional faith, which God had enabled to affirm its own separate identity through victory over the immeasurably greater army of Zulus at the Battle of Blood River and over

the armed might of England at Majuba. It was the story of the children of Israel over again, the story of a chosen people, and it was told in prose and poetry written in the Afrikaans language, the true language of the Afrikaner people which hitherto had been held in little esteem because it had no literature. What was needed now, they claimed, if the Afrikaner nation was once again to take its place in the world, was for Afrikaners to honour their religion and reaffirm their separate identity. This they could begin to do by resisting Lord Milner's policy of introducing state education with its emphasis upon English culture and by insisting upon the religious responsibility of parents to see that their children were educated in their own faith and their own culture.

This, Hexham says, was a doctrine which won widespread support among people who in more prosperous times had been indifferent if not hostile to the conservatism of the Doppers, but who in their desperation found encouragement in the confident assertion of Afrikaner claims. Such people, Smuts and Both among them, when the economy recovered and when the Liberal government in Britain looked upon them kindly, were to desert the cause in order to cooperate with the English. In so doing they betrayed the Afrikaner ideal by diluting it, for

it was the English with their liberalizing ways and their casual attitude towards Christianity, not the unregarded Bantu, who at that critical stage embodied the greater threat to the separate identity of the Afrikaner nation. The "irony" of the title is thus already becoming apparent, though it reached its apogee in 1948, when the National Party which claimed to uphold the Afrikaner ideal reduced that ideal to travesty by converting apartheid, separation, into the mere assertion of white supremacy.

It would have had an even greater impact upon the reader if the author could have imposed a more strictly chronological format upon the presentation of his case. The description of the origins of the Separated Christian Reformed Church, for example, from which the argument springs, comes halfway through the book. The thematic rather than the chronological pattern which the author adopts does, in fact, lead to some confusion about the development of the myth of apartheid, a confusion that can certainly be dispelled by cross-checking, but might well have been avoided altogether. It would, nevertheless, be churlish to end a note of criticism, for this is undoubtedly a book which will make anyone interested in South Africa think very hard about his preconception. If Professor Hexham has put back the clock he has certainly put it back to Greenwich Mean Time, to the true base of scholarly investigation.

It would have had an even greater impact upon the reader if the author could have imposed a more strictly chronological format upon the presentation of his case. The description of the origins of the Separated Christian Reformed Church, for example, from which the argument springs, comes halfway through the book. The thematic rather than the chronological pattern which the author adopts does, in fact, lead to some confusion about the development of the myth of apartheid, a confusion that can certainly be dispelled by cross-checking, but might well have been avoided altogether. It would, nevertheless, be churlish to end a note of criticism, for this is undoubtedly a book which will make anyone interested in South Africa think very hard about his preconception. If Professor Hexham has put back the clock he has certainly put it back to Greenwich Mean Time, to the true base of scholarly investigation.

The play of politics

By Dennis Walder

ATHOL FUGARD:

A Lesson From Aloes
79pp. Oxford University Press.
£2.95.
0 19 281307 2

ROBERT MSHENGU KAVANAGH
(Selector and Introduction)
South African People's Plays
Ours phala hi
Plays by Gibson Kente, Credo V. Mutwa, Mhuli Shezi and Workshop
71

176pp. Heinemann. £2.95.
0 435 90224 5

Many people believe that politics are separate from life. White South Africans are particularly prone to this delusion, and one can easily see why. It is more than a matter of convenience, or even of ignoring whatever threatens the status quo: it is a matter of survival. When Piet Bezuidenhout, the middle-aged Afrikaner at the centre of Athol Fugard's latest published play, begins to reminisce about the drought which became a hus-driver in Port Elizabeth, his English South African wife bursts out: "I suppose we'll be into politics next, and the black man's misery." Well, no, not exactly. We are not in the world of *Joe's Boy* or *Island of the Blind*, of pass laws and life imprisonment on Robben Island. But we are in the world of uncertainty, pain and confusion in which all Fugard's characters live their being and in which, despite everything, they are intent on surviving.

How to survive? A Lesson From Aloes seems to offer an answer in its title metaphor which, like other such metaphors in Fugard (eg. *The Blood Knot*), is compelling and explicit in effect. The aloes, that tenacious, indigenous plant which thrusts its thorny leaves and flame-like spears of flower through the most barren Eastern Cape soil, provides an apparently irresistible emblem, having survived where Piet has failed. He goes on to find "ruin after a long drought" when accepted by a group of political activists in a bus boycott. But their movement is broken by the police, have since condemned him to sit contemplating the collection of aloes with which he has decorated his Algor Park backyard, proudly refusing to challenge his accusers. There

we find him, and there we leave him. What kind of survival is that? "An evil system isn't a natural disaster. There's nothing you can do to stop a drought, but bad laws and social injustice are man-made and can be undone by men." If we are to take Piet's words seriously, then nothing could be worse than his inactivity. Believing to be a traitor, his only friend driven by a banning order and a one-way "exit permit" into exile, his wife permanently hovering on the edge of an insanity induced by the police "rape" of her private diaries, he is effectively imprisoned, cut off from politics and - it comes to the same thing - reality.

It is unclear how far Fugard is aware of the implications of Piet's position. He has called the play "celebration" of the Afrikaner; it is dedicated to his mother, Elizabeth Potgieter; and in his introduction he appears to identify closely with the hero. He seems to be turning inward, towards a personal past (A Lesson is set in Port Elizabeth in 1963), a movement somewhat alarming in a playwright whose work has generally shown with great power and conviction the inextricability of private and public life. Is this the only way to survive as a white writer in South Africa? Are the only alternatives exile, madness or isolation? For a man of Fugard's integrity, perhaps.

Robert Kavanagh's very useful little anthology reveals a different world, although it is a world in which Fugard was once deeply involved - the world of the urban black "townships" or ghettos. White South Africans know little of this world, even less of its theatre. Yet it is central to the heart of the largest continental of the industrialized world of survival is being taught. There are no aloes in Soweto, but the highveld scrub clings doggedly to the street corners, its roots alive even when the winter frost has turned its leaves brown, and the wind has covered it with dust.

In Soweto, the struggle to survive involves a struggle to articulate. Hence most "township theatre" is fundamentally narrative - "here people, is our story, these are our lives." But it is a narrative expressed not so much in terms of the mainstream European tradition of character, plot and dialogue, as in image, movement and gesture. It is operatic rather than realistic, as one of the best-known, indeed "classic" productions, *King Kong* (by Todd Matshikiza et al.) proved as long ago as 1959.

This is not to say that it cannot exist without music and dance, although they feature very often, especially in Gibson Kente's work; nor is it meant to suggest approval for the more crudely commercial and European-directed successors of *King Kong* which have become familiar, such as *Ipi Tombi* or *Unabulala*; rather, this means that even the most obvious slice of "township" life, whether it shows men desperately searching their pockets for their passes during a police raid, or *isobos* (young thugs) carrying away stolen goods, is expressed in a heightened, rhythmic form. These two examples of black Kente's *Top Lait*, one of the four plays included in Kavanagh's collection, and first performed in the Mofolo Hall, Soweto, in 1975. Kente, who says, "I write for the man in the street," has been the most popular and successful playwright for many years, although this has also meant his coming in for heavy criticism from the more "serious" or committed younger dramatists, not represented here, such as

Maishe Maponya and Mutsemeli Manuku, the creators of, respectively, *The Hungry Earth* and *Egoli* (both recently on tour in fringe venues in Britain). *Top Lait* was written by Kente for it to be banned and Kente to be imprisoned, briefly; but he has since retreated to the safer, not to say questionable territory of the government-controlled television service. This is unfortunate, since Kente is, in effect, a one-man drama school where there are no drama schools, a provider of experience and technical know-how where only those from the "white" theatre brave and far-sighted enough to cross the barriers - such as Barney Simon, of the Market Theatre in Johannesburg - can help; and such "help" is often, understandably, resented or ignored.

The title of Kente's 1975 play is derived from the cry uttered at its conclusion: is it too late for the young, bitter and frustrated at the treatment meted out to them, to be curbed? The following year, in June 1976, the rising of the youth of Soweto supplied an answer; and it is this event, the effects of which con-

tinued to be felt throughout South Africa, that all the plays here reprinted envisage. All four were created and performed in Soweto during the years immediately preceding the Soweto rising, and they are clearly specific to that period. Workshop 71's *Survival*, a brilliant piece of workshop theatre about prison life, was also banned; and *Shant*, which follows its unhappy student hero into a foreign guerrilla-camp and death, was cited as a "Black Consciousness" play, a provocative, anti-white, racist, subversive and/or revolutionary play or drama. Only Credo Mutwa's dreamlike reworking of traditional myths, *uNosisimela*, escaped the attempts of the authorities to crush these expressions of the new forces which arose in the cities to fill the vacuum left by the banning of the post-Sharpeville era - perhaps because Mutwa, like some negritude vendors elsewhere in Africa, is a romantic, conservative visionary, looking to the past when the present presses too painfully, seeking an escape from "politics". But there is no escape.

Settling down

By Anthony Delius

PETER PHILIP:

British Residents at the Cape, 1795-1819:
Biographical Records of 4,800 Pioneers
494pp. Cape Town: David Philip.
£14.80.
Distributed in the UK by Global Book Resources.
0 908396 46 5

South African history is today being considerably re-assessed in the light of much recent and ongoing research by American, European, and local scholars. The fresh look will undoubtedly take in two hundred years of British influences on South African affairs, including those of the same pioneers, accepted as the founding fathers of the present 1,500,000-strong English-speaking part of the population.

Peter Philip's painstaking compilation, *British Residents at the Cape*

1795-1819, should be useful to researchers into British beginnings in South Africa, although its subtitle, "Biographical Records of 4,800 Pioneers", gives an impression of slightly up-staging the Settlers. Very few, probably less than a fifth, of those listed by Philip could be put in the same pioneer category as the consist largely of the usual flossam and jetsam of colonial society, Gov. sailors, missionaries, officers on furlough from hotter parts of the British Empire further east, would-be traders in such goods as slaves, spirits, and ivory, quacks and drifters of several kinds, but scarcely pioneers.

One of the most remarkable of the highly regarded Dr. James Barry who in a stay of a dozen years became Physician to the Forces and the High Tory Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, and was later reported to have been a woman. Another is a sergeant's wife, Elizabeth Salt, who saved a fort in danger of being overrun during the

Battle of Grahamstown by carrying a barrel of gunpowder to it through ranks of Xhosa warriors. Then, too, there was the spirited American wife of a former customs officer. Publicly her husband had proclaimed that he was no longer responsible for her debts, Mrs Lewis immediately countered with a notice that she would, as hitherto, pay his debts she contracted "but will not be responsible for any that Mr J. Lewis may contract".

Intrepid readers who can brave brief biographies thick with abbreviations and references will be rewarded by getting some flavour of life at the Cape at that time from Philip's book. For instance, one, Woolsey Mulson, Paymaster 81st Foot, offers as first prize in a lottery (200 tickets at 10 Riksdollars) "a healthy slave girl 15 years old". A Mr John Murray is ordered to remove his whaling station from Robben Island because his boats tempted the other inhabitants of the island, lunatics and political prisoners, to escape. In some ways the Cape has not changed much in a couple of centuries.

An antique disposition

By Julie Hankey

C. WALTER HODGES, S. SCHOENBAUM and LEONARD LEONE (Editors):
The Third Globe
Symposium for the Reconstruction of the Globe Playhouse, Wayne State University, 1979
267pp. Detroit: Wayne State University Press. \$16.95.
0 8143 1680 8

By a bizarre transposition a chunk of London's past is soon to rise on the banks of the Detroit river, Michigan. At the end of the Wayne State University symposium, whose papers and main discussion points comprise this book, the mayor of Detroit and the president of the University declared a "civic commitment" to the reconstruction of a full-scale, semi-converted replica of the second Globe (the first Globe was destroyed in 1613 for Shakespeare's company, the King's Men).

No figures are mentioned, but since Glynn Wickham refers in passing to "several million dollars", it may be worth recording two questions from the floor and their answers. To the suggestion that Shakespeare and his colleagues might have leapt at the chance of modern staging techniques, John Russell Brown's answer was that since Shakespeare's company toured and used many different stages and yet still repeated the first Globe arrangement after it was burnt down, "the odds are they were pretty content". Yes, but they hadn't seen, for example, electricity, just as Couperin hadn't seen a piano, so you can't conclude that they wouldn't have taken advantage of modern methods. Then to the question whether a modern audience could ever be got to behave like an Elizabethan one, and whether how it behaved would lead to unwarranted conclusions about the original audience, he replied in effect that whatever the objections, the thing was worth experimenting with and anyway "for God's sake let's get it (the building), and get on with the bits of different kinds of activity in it". Obviously academic and civic interest had struck hands and murmurs were felt to be unsporting.

Significant splits

By Paul Taylor

COLIN N. MANLOVE:

The Gap In Shakespeare
The Motif of Division from Richard II to The Tempest
200pp. Vision Press. £10.95.
0 85478 444 6

In common with a number of recent studies of Shakespeare, this book takes a combative issue with those anti-biographical critics whose wariness about psychology from a reading of the plays received its classic utterance in C. J. Sisson's 1934 British Academy Lecture, "The Mythical Sorrows of Shakespeare". For Colin Manlove, the "opposites and divisions" in the plays, which his book explores often shrewdly and suggestively, point toward "an essential dividedness in the character of Shakespeare himself".

This case is ultimately unprovable. The only real evidence we have is the plays themselves, a fact which has a wondrously circumscribing effect on the argument. Colin N. Manlove, who perceives that "In the late plays the splits that appear are much less attributable to the needs of the plays; the divisions of attitude in *Timon* or the failure of reconciliation in *The Tempest* cannot be explained away in dramatic terms", infers from this deceptively simple point that "dividedness in vision to the point where it began to lose coherence". There are a number

of things which leave one puzzled by this. What, for one thing, constitute the "needs" of a play? What is it to "explain something away in dramatic terms"? The late plays, by comparison with those written to a different aesthetic, may appear "incoherent" structurally, or thematically, but it is surely unwarranted in the absence of other evidence to move simply to the idea that the "vision" which gave rise to them is itself incoherent. Disjunctions may, after all, be artistically controlled and purposive.

Nor is Manlove's general argument helped by a tendency to under-estimate the dramatic potency of the evil in the late plays. Leontes's jealousy, for instance, may be "baseless" but it is not therefore dramatically "judicious", as Manlove more than implies when he argues that the "insistence on the baseless and ludicrous nature of Leontes's jealousy as much as on its reality takes away from the edge of the latter". Does not the baselessness and arbitrariness of his (and Posthumus's) jealousy make the evil more terrible than that which can be explained away rationally? To deny this and to argue, as Manlove does, that the problem-comedies have too much tragedy and the late plays too little, proceeding to the idea that this illustrates "a readiness to see life from one exclusive angle and an inability to reconcile contrary views" is illegitimate.

For all this, the book has extremely perceptive chapters on dividedness in *Othello*, *Leontes* and *Coriolanus*, where the criticism forgets its broad claims and enters into tough and detailed analyses of individual plays.

And from a purely antiquarian point of view the building will be most scrupulously and lovingly constructed. Glynn Wickham, in a statesmanlike move, recommends disarming scholars by suggesting movable materials for the stage and its surroundings, so that the tiring house facade can be fitted with two, three, or five doors, the stage with one trap or more, the "heavens" with pillars or without, all the pieces being clearly labelled as hypothetical. Richard Hosley on the size and shape of the second Globe, and John Orrel on the evidence deducible from Hollar's contemporary drawing, seem, with their dazzling calculations, at last to pin down the quarry which Walter Hodges's sketches and conjectures, here and in his books, have made so seductive. By the time one has read the papers on timber-frame buildings (full of terms like "nogging", "pargeting", "queen struts" and "scantlings") and Renaissance decoration, and the thing stands resplendent in the mind's eye, with its authentic, sparkling ground-glass finishes, its marbled pillars and gilding, its *trompe-l'oeil* masonry and flamboyant strapwork - a magnificent building in its own right, and, in use, a valuable tool for the theatre historian.

But John Russell Brown in his opening paper makes much greater claims for the reconstruction. Defending himself from the charge of following "an antique drum" (and in the same spirit, taking comfort in the very incompleteness of the experiment) he says that through this building we shall be able to discover not only more about how Shakespeare's plays were originally staged, "but we shall be able to discover ourselves and what we can do today". To summarize him: a theatre, which leaves the actors alone, free to engage with the text and the audience, one which offers no mediating scenic picture or special lighting effects, and which has no way of dividing actor from audience, is what is needed now, by actors and playwrights alike. Whether or not one agrees with this, the necessary connection between that view and the reconstruction of the second Globe remains obscure.

Minimally scenic barns, warehouses and roundhouses, with audiences close in and on three sides (more or less), are after all common-place now. If it is important to have audience and actor in the same light, leave the house lights on. If the close, dark backstage quarters are, as he suggests, conducive to cast intimacy, they're easily arranged (and already there in many older theatres). If timber framing is desirable acoustically, that too needs no elaborate antiquarian research. It is as though there were something talismanic about the original building, as though by reproducing it down to the last crank-handle we would release some lost power.

Professor Brown makes much of the mysterious qualities of buildings, but the heart of what he is saying concerns actors and audiences (a subject upon which the rest of the symposium is frustratingly silent). A cardinal virtue in his scheme is that buildings should not get in the way. But far from fostering the direct reciprocity of the original Globe, an intricately decorated Renaissance monument in modern industrial America could hinder it. What was once a natural part of the scene, a modern building - glamorous certainly, but no more outlandish than the red-plush and mirrors of a Victorian pub were to the working man - will now be a palpable piece of scenery. The stage, once a neutral region for humanity "free-wheeling" between heaven and hell, as Bernard Beckerman describes it in his paper, will now proclaim seventeenth-century historicalness from every oaken pillar. The actors, set off as they never were by their costumes, may just as well build themselves an entire Elizabethan theatre, complete with its up on modern versions of Globe-inspired sparseness, would be no more in this reconstruction to ignore "essentials" and concentrate on the acting.

Professor Brown asks: "What do we look at football crowds, and talk of an expectant, waiting audience, 'awash in the bibbos', free to eat, drink, applaud and heckle as the groundlings did. He wants some of them to be poor, and to come preferably in the afternoons. (Who will they be? Shiftworkers? Skiving apprentices, like the Elizabethan originals? Perhaps the unemployed from Detroit's collapsed car industry, with time to kill watching Shakespeare.) But if Shakespeare is to recover his place in the hurly-burly of everyday life, it must be done with less scholarly advertisement than this. To recover the equivalent power of the original actors it may be necessary to avoid the same means. As Professor Brown himself points out about a production of *The Double Dealer* at the Olivier: "paradoxically, the production seems much livelier and... closer to the effect of the original conditions of performance, while being further from them in method".

Measure for measure

By Julie Kavanagh

ALAN BRISSENDEN:

Shakespeare and the Dance
145pp. Macmillan. £12.
0 333 28523 9

Dance was a valuable theatrical and metaphorical device which Shakespeare, mostly in the comedies and late plays, exploited to the full. He saw that, as an ideographic and romantic art, it could be a means of "slapping fantasies that apprehend more than cool reason ever comprehends" - could vivify the artificiality of a genre in which people are miraculously transformed and convened, and gods can appear. With pattern and order among its fundamental aspects, dance could also validate implausibly symmetrical plots, providing the sense of an ending.

But Shakespeare's symbolic use of a final dance is not over-idealistic and inclusive, as for example Ben Jonson's was in the court masque. When the Jacobean masquers descended and took the hands of members of the audience, the gesture was meant to emblemize the harmonious transformation of the whole court. In Shakespeare, there are notable absences from the dances that end the plays. In *Much Ado* and *As You Like It*, neither Don John nor Jaques takes part, and this emphasizes their alienation from the new society either through old age or through intransigence. While in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, it is only the fairies who join hands in the last dance, the mortals having separate revels. Puck, an outsider, is likewise excluded, though his plea for applause - "Give me your hands, if you be friends" - may punningly allude to the concordant final dance in the court-masque.

At the end of *The Tempest* masque, Shakespeare does confound the boundaries between the performers and the audience. When Prospero compares the insubstantial pageant on stage with reality itself, he is deliberately drawing audience and actors together. But if masques attested to the extraordinary power of dance and spectacle to integrate people, Prospero's disruption of the masque of dancing maidens and reapers in Act IV becomes a direct challenge to this claim: what we are made aware of by Prospero's recollection of the "foul conspiracy" is the ineffectuality of entertainment to order reality and transform people.

While Alan Brissenden acknowledges this aspect of the masque's influence on *The Tempest* he does not fully allow for the fact that Shakespeare may have intended these references to look beyond the play: after all, *The Tempest* is in many ways a debate with the court

masque. There is obviously room for development here, which points to a central weakness in his book: that it reads like an inventory. Often, in his anxiety to point out the pervasiveness of dance imagery in Shakespeare, his argument becomes only an accumulation of examples and quotations to which ideas are subjugated and left unexplored. The format, of chapters following the generic division of the plays, probably does not facilitate an interpretive approach. But the author could still be more discriminating with his material. Where dance has only peripheral relevance to the plays - as in the tragedies - long, tedious digressions put out what would otherwise be a scanty chapter. For example, his two-page exposition as to why Amazonians appear in the masque in *Timon of Athens* cites substantial passages of Sidney, Spenser, Rabelais, only to conclude superfluously that Amazons were thought to be "belligerent, unfeminine and destructive".

Much of the book's value lies in the way Brissenden's technical knowledge of sixteenth and seventeenth-century dance sheds light on certain verbal nuances that might otherwise go unnoticed. For example, Richard's description of himself as "unshap'd for sportive tricks" carries a reference not only to copulation but to a technical term in dance: intricate steps in the galliard were known as "tricks". Or there is the "additional gibe" Brissenden detects in a line from the Duke of Bourbon in *Henry V*:

They bid us to the English dancing schools
And teach lavotas high and swift corantos.
Saying our grace is only in our heels
And that we are most lofty run-aways.

In the volta, women were lifted high in the air, by their partners, so the word "lofty" in the last line carries with it an accusation of effeminacy (suggesting a reversal of roles in the dance) as well as of cowardice.

Elsewhere, however, Brissenden surely over-estimates the capacity of even contemporary audiences to discern connotations in the text. Does Richard III's mention of the "piping time of peace" really call to mind the pipe and tabor of the Morris dancer as well as the shepherd's pipe, and so provide a contrast to the prince's deformity? With considerable thoroughness Alan Brissenden has opened up what is undeniably a key subject, so it is a pity that all too often he lets in trivial ingenuity like this.

A new annotated edition of *The Knights of Aristophanes* has recently appeared (220pp. Warminster: Arts and Philips. £12. 0 85668 177 6. Distributed in the UK by La Haule Books, West Lodge, La Haule, Jersey, CI). The translation, by the editor, Alan H. Sommerstein, appears on facing pages to the Greek text, and the play forms Volume 2 of a projected complete edition of the eleven surviving comedies of Aristophanes.

Watershed

The Bow River. Bow River.

Three men in his anecdote.
One with an artificial leg.
Were heading for rapids in a boat
On the Bow River. Or wherever.
Vague memories of lake and muskeg
In the Arctic Watershed
Looked for a Bow to rededicate,
Is that in Canada? I said.

Rocky Mountains. Banff, Alberta.
I know it, yes, and Lake Louise.
A girl, the current and a canoe
Are moving with me past dark trees
Once more into the unlined future
Fifteen or sixteen summers ago
One summer evening, almost night,
On cold coppery-green melt-water
Which I thought I would never forget.

Duncan Forbes

FRITZ OF CAPRA THE TURNING POINT Science, Society and the Rising Culture

The author of *The Two of Physics* turns his attention to the biological and social implications of the post-Einsteinian view and suggests that through deconstruction, "soft" technologies, and a reevaluation of the interrelationships of man and nature, we can emerge from the present crisis.
Hardback, \$8.50

Out shortly

OARLYN MEROHANT
THE DEATH OF NATURE
Woman, Biology and the
Scientific Revolution
"No reader will emerge from contemplation with this book without having rethought the meanings of science, the historical relation of man to nature, and the role in today's world." - Professor Everett Mendelsohn, *Harvard Univ.*
Hardback, \$8.50
WILDWOOD HOUSE LTD
8rd Floor, Gloucester Mansions,
Cambridge Circus,
London WC2H 8HD

